Sports Illustrated
JUNE 19, 1967 40 CENTS
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MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

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Credits on page 78

Next week

THE 67TH U.S. OPEN is held at historic Baltusrol. From there Alfred Wright reports what happened both on the course and behind the scenes in the battle for golf's top title.

THE NEW "INTREPID." latest 12-meter in the America's Cup lists, has just made her debut. Artist Donald Moss and Expert Bill Cox analyze her in words and pictures.

NOBODY LOVES an umpire, says Jocko Conlan, who was one in the major leagues for 25 years. He illustrates his point with a reminiscence about a famous hassle in Ebbets Field.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Last week Staff Writer Patricia Ryan took up the reins of SCORECARD. This is by no meaos an idle figure of speech, for Pat comes from a distinguished line of racetrackers. Her grandfather, Owen Ryan, "The Old Man," was the master of Cleaboy Stud in Mullingar, which for many years was regarded as the leading stud in the British Isles. When Pat's father, Jim Ryan, was 14, The Old Man decided his boy had oo eye for a horse and shipped him off to England to make his fortune in a dye works. To little avail. Jim took to riding in amateur steeplechase races on weekends. In his prime, he stood 6 feet but could waste down to 135; now he's several inches shorter, on account of breaking his back so many times. Jim was fired from the dye works after he raced against his boss, Major Holliday, and beat him by a head, whereupon he turned pro. The kind of man Jim Ryan was, he married Pat's mother in Dublin at 6 a.m. in order to get to England in time to ride in a race. He later became a trainer and is now an esteemed buyer and seller of racehorses; indeed, Tattersalls, London's legendary auctioneers, recently said Jim Ryan was the second-best judge of horseflesh in their 200-year history, which would have maddened The Old Man—were he alive. Owen Ryan was adjudged only fourth best.

SCORECARD'S PAT RYAN

Pat was initiated early into the mysteries of racing. She recalls her father, attired in a tuxedo after a night in the casinos of Saratoga, waking her sister, her brother and herself at 3 a.m. and positioning them with flashlights at, respectively, the half-mile, three-eighths and quarter poles. The Ryan children were instructed to turn oo their flashlights when Daddy's horse went by. Although the clockers were outwitted, someone in the stable ratted and the Ryan horse went off at 2 to 1. Pat herself does not bet. "I guess," she says, "it's because I saw the family fortune at stake too many times."

But she owns racehorses. Pat and her brother were partners in Anxious Moment, who once finished second to Round Table, and she is presently supporting two mares, three foals and a 2-year-old. Naturally, her dad has trained Pat's horses. "He gives me the excuses trainers always give owners," she says. "But I know them all."

Pat came to us as a secretary in 1960, after four years with The Jockey Club, where, she says, "I used to do the colors." Which means she registered racing colors (Pat's are royal blue, white sash and cap) and then painted them on little cards. "My dragons and sea horses were never very professional-looking," she says. She has become, however, a very professional writer.

Before taking over SCORECARD, Pat did the PEOPLE section, wrote several golf stories (she took one lesson, got four blisters and would rather fish for salmon) and covered harness racing. This spring she won the John Hervey Award and its $600 for the best harness-racing story of 1966. If you think this entirely pleased her father, you don't know how Thoroughbred people feel about the animals they call jugheads. Jim Ryan purportedly said: "I never thought I'd see a Ryan in the shafts."

Gary Valk

Sports Illustrated

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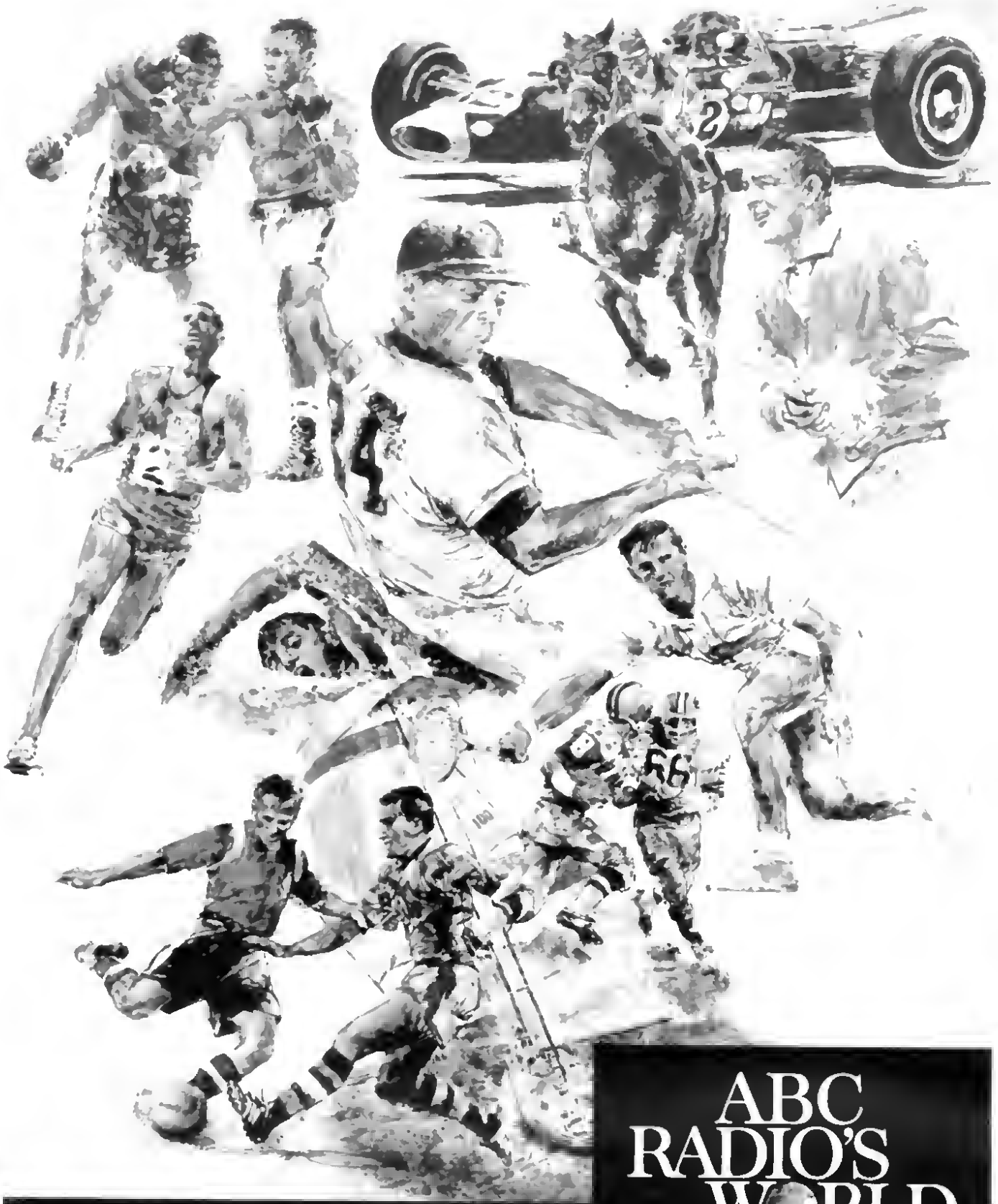

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BOOKTALK

In the name of conservation, a famed old mountain landmark vanished overnight

In the early morning hours of January 25, 1963, half a dozen prominent members of the New York State Conservation Department made their way through deep snow to the top of a high ridge in the Catskill Mountains. There, as furtively as a band of pyromaniacs, they set fire to one of the most famous and fashionable resort hotels in American history. Roland Van Zandt, in *The Catskill Mountain House* (Rutgers University Press, $12.50), says they acted "in necessary secrecy." By 6 o'clock the last remnants of the old hotel were consumed in a monstrous blaze that was visible to awakening householders in villages along the Hudson River.

The author does not blame anyone for the terrible end of the hotel, though he certainly suggests that the local residents should have waked up to the danger facing it long before. If any commercial building could be classed as an historic monument, the Catskill Mountain House was it. Erected first in 1823 as a shelter for those hardy enough to climb a disused tannery road for the sake of a great view of the valley and the mountains, it grew within two years to a three-story structure with 60 rooms and a magnificent columned veranda. Through the genius of Charles Beach, a small-town stagecoach operator, the hotel was transformed in time into a mountain aerie boasting more than 300 rooms and a river frontage of 190 feet. Its long row of Corinthian columns was enticingly visible to passengers on passing ships. Some 30 of its best bedrooms faced directly east. These were reserved for such favored guests as Washington Irving, William Cullen Bryant, Jenny Lind, Ulysses S. Grant and Oscar Wilde, all of whom were happy to be awakened at dawn so they could enjoy the sunrises for which the area was famous and for which the Mountain House provided the best of all views.

Thomas Cole made many paintings of the hotel, as did Frederick Church and innumerable lesser artists of the Hudson River School. (There are 45 paintings among the 103 illustrations in *The Catskill Mountain House*, including four in color.) Henry James, Bayard Taylor, Harriet Martineau and most of the European authors of travel books wrote enthusiastically about it, no matter how critical they were of American culture in general.

All of this is remarkable since the Mountain House, as a matter of policy, gave them little to write about. Its management took pride in the fact that nothing ever happened there. A vague, unlocalized sensation of happiness suffuses all descriptions of life at the famous hotel. Even Oscar Wilde, who behaved scandalously almost everywhere else, passed his vacation at the Mountain House coaching children for an amateur theatrical.

There were no murders, no memorable robberies, not even many complaints, except the perennial one that the costs ($4 to $5 per day in 1893) were too high. Since there was one employee for every guest, however, the service was good enough to keep these at a minimum.

What doomed the Mountain House was that it lay within an area set aside in 1885 as the Catskill State Forest Preserve. Under the New York constitution land subsequently acquired by the state within that preserve had to be kept "forever wild." After years of success, the Mountain House fell upon hard times in the period between World Wars I and II, and in 1943 it closed for good. A small-town banker, Milo Claude Moseman, who had been a bellboy in the hotel, tried to save it, but the building had deteriorated to the point where no commercial use could be made of it. The New York State Conservation Department gradually acquired most of the 3,000-acre grounds around the hotel, but the very law that protected the wilderness in which the Mountain House stood would have doomed the building had the state purchased the entire property. The law preserving the forest "absolutely prohibited" the Conservation Department from buying any land that contained standing buildings, writes Van Zandt, "without their preliminary destruction."

Despite this, in April 1962, the Conservation Department bought the property from Moseman's heirs for $61,000. The building was a gigantic ruin by that time and a danger to trespassing hikers. In this most carefully phrased and meticulously researched book, Dr. Van Zandt is generous in apportioning responsibility for its loss. "There is no question here of praise or blame," he says. "The state acted in good faith and, indeed, up to the very limits of its constitutional authority." But the general reader is likely to wonder: Was the purpose of the law establishing the perpetuation of the forest really served by burning a structure whose tradition was so much a part of it? Should conservation be concerned only with trees? One gets the feeling as he reads that the officials involved were almost eager to see the old hotel go, like a posse at hanging time. "Everything had been perfectly timed and co-ordinated," writes Van Zandt. "The signs and omens of success could not have been more auspicious: the moon shone brightly—there was hardly need of flashlights . . . in all the towns and villages, above and below, the people slept." This disquieting book makes one wonder what other historic treasures are about to be destroyed while the people sleep.

—ROBERT CANTWELL

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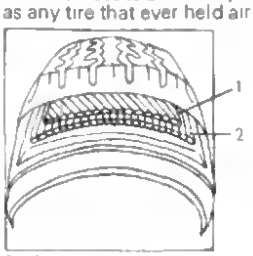

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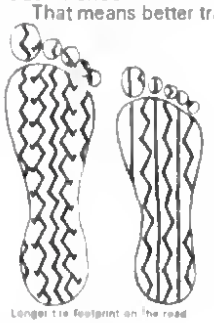
Longer tire footprint on the road

Better traction means greater steering control, safer cornering, and better braking
The Steel Radial Tire doesn't waste rubber wiggling around on the road There's less rolling resistance Which means you get more available horsepower
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Traditional Tires

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ON ALI

You will find on page 18 Basketball Star Bill Russell's personalized account of the hush-hush meeting in Cleveland between the country's top Negro athletes and Muhammad Ali. We share with Russell a respect for Ali's sincerity in his religion—which we have never had reason to doubt—and his refusal on religious grounds to serve in the Army. But some of the views propounded by Russell are, to say the least, highly debatable. Russell certainly should know that there is a difference between being a Catholic or Protestant or Muslim—the faith practiced by 300 million people throughout the world—and being a member of the Black Muslim movement in the U.S., which has often been associated with violence and thuggery and is identified with the very intolerance that Russell decries. It is Ali's unfortunate association with this racist group, not his refusal to serve in the Army because of sincere religious convictions, that has victimized him.

EQUALITY AND FRATERNITY

"We don't want to ban the turbine car," the president of the United States Auto Club said last week. "We just want to make it competitive, to have apples against apples and not apples with oranges." The fate of Andy Granatelli's swooshmobile, which outclassed the field of piston cars at Indy and would have won the 500 easily had it not broken down four laps from the finish, is to be decided later this month. The USAC Rules Committee, which sanctioned the controversial car for this year's race, has already voted in secret session to call in the major builders of turbines, Pratt & Whitney and General Electric, and ask them to fashion a formula to equalize turbines with piston engines.

Meanwhile, at a meeting of car owners, mechanics and race officials in the Speedway cafeteria, Andy Granatelli was bitterly defending his car. "I'm willing to take a weight penalty of several hundred pounds on it," he said, "but leave my engine alone.

"You know I can afford to buy all the Lotuses there are. But it hasn't been easy, not being a copycat. All of a sudden I'm an outcast here because of progress. This year friends of mine for 20 years wouldn't even speak to me. My car was built within the rules of USAC. It was called a milk wagon by some, but if you want to enter a milk truck and it's within the rules, why not?"

Parnelli Jones, the turbocar's driver, also had his say. "I've had greater edges driving conventional racers," he argued. "I had a much greater edge in 1962 when I lapped Rodger Ward, the eventual winner, before breaking down. The turbocar is a completely advanced automobile. Accept that. The aircraft people accepted the fact that the jet engine completely outclassed the piston engine. They are talking of handicapping the turbocar to the point where it couldn't be competitive. Laymen must understand it has great pickup speed coming out of the turns, but its overall straightaway speed at Indianapolis wasn't exceptional. Some piston engines outran it down the straightaways."

No matter what USAC eventually decides, its ruling is bound to be unpopular. If it limits or bans the turbocar, the public, which became so interested in it at Indy, and those who believe in automotive progress will be disappointed. If USAC allows turbines to race, piston-car owners who have supported the 500 for years will have no alternative but to junk $9 million worth of equipment. Many may not feel like starting all over again in racing.

Until the day of Indy—too late—USAC officials did not realize the dilemma that was theirs.

NEW LURE

We have received a postcard in the mail informing us of the Hudson River Fishermen's Association Bag-A-Polluter program. We pass along the information to you for what it is worth—which might be considerable. The association has found an 1888 federal law, still in effect, that forbids the "discharging, or depositing, by any process or in any manner, of refuse, dirt, ashes, cinders, mud, sand, dredgings, sludge, acid, or any other matter of any kind . . . in the tidal waters of the harbor of New York . . . or in those of Long Island Sound." If convicted the polluter is liable to a jail sentence and/or a fine not less than $250 nor more than $2,500. Now comes the interesting part: "one half of said fine to be paid to the person or persons giving information which shall lead to conviction."

The financial possibilities stagger the imagination.

Infractions of the law should be reported to the Harbor Supervision Branch of the Army Corps of Engineers or, if one wants to avoid the dirty work, the Fishermen's Association will, upon notification, go about bagging the polluter for you.

CHECKING ALL FRONTS

The editors of *The New York Times* go to great lengths to give their readers the total view, but last week they reached what may long be remembered as their finest hour. The headlines on Thursday read: ISRAELIS ROUT THE ARABS, APPROACH SUEZ, BREAK BLOCKADE, OCCUPY OLD JERUSALEM. Using some 13,000 words, the *Times* reported, analyzed

and commented on the war in the Middle East. And back on page 44, deadpan as always, the editors ran a chess column headlined: SPECTACULAR PLAY HIGHLIGHTS ISRAEL ARMED FORCES TOURNEY. A *Times* man reported that one Amikan Balsham had "captured" the Israeli army

continued

Until now, to get a high-performance sports car for $2600 you had to buy it used. Not any more.

Sunbeam Alpine V and Chrysler Motors Corporation have changed all that. Now you'll get what you want, at your price—plus a 5-year/50,000-mile power train warranty.*

Before Chrysler's new Sunbeam Alpine V, a sports car buff didn't have much choice.

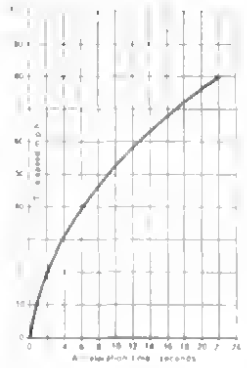
Either he got his high fly[illegible] sports car new, and paid a lot more than $2600 . . .

Or he settled for a mini-motor job for less . . .

Or he went out and got a used one.

But now you can have your high performance sports car—new—and groceries, too.

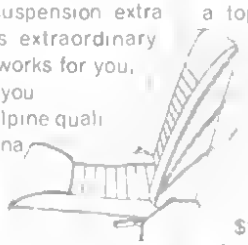
Alpine today—at $2567†—has a 100 hp, 1725 cc engine that meets your performance objectives.



On the road your Alpine handles with flat quick and reassuring authority. Steering's 3.3 turns lock-to-lock, the track is exceptionally wide, the suspension extra smooth. It's extraordinary. Everything works for you, not against you.

O.K. So Alpine qualifies as a bona fide sports car—but how does it measure up competitively for class?

Admirably. That base



adjust 4 ways[illegible] recline. A [illegible] console is standard[illegible] map light, windshield[illegible] ers and 2-speed wipers. And a top that's easy to work.

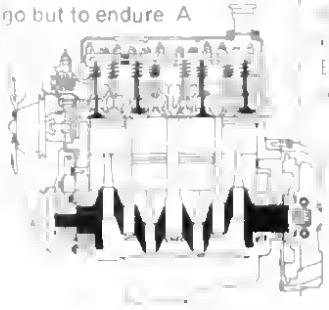
And a big, big trunk.

Fact is, Alpine V[illegible] has things you can't get for some $3000 cars we could list. Which makes it a lot of car for $2600—the only high performance sports car near its price.

See your Sunbeam dealer and check it out. While there, pet his ultra performance Tiger, world's fastest sports car under $3700.

You're master of 0 to 60 in 12.8 seconds. A full synchro mesh 4 speed gearbox plus a very quick clutch. And a short throw stick that lets you pop shifts crisply.

Alpine's built not only to go but to endure. A



[illegible] A new o[illegible] [illegible] Tube efficiency. [illegible] ports are staggered [illegible] courage 'hot spots'.

Result: Alpine's engine and drive train can be, and are, warranted by Chrysler Motors Corporation for 5 years or 50,000 miles. And no other sports import comes close.

[illegible] rapidly [illegible] about every[illegible] to add to so[illegible]

A heater, for [illegible] (Only ours has a two speed blower.) A telescoping steering wheel to give you that just right feel of control.

Self adjusting disc front brakes, too. Plus 9" drums behind—and power assistance!

Our contoured, pleated bucket seats not only

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80 PROOF LIQUEUR, IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. ©McK&R, 1967

chess championship held at the Tel Aviv Soldiers' Home, and he assessed the strategic moves in some crucial matches. "Space does not permit the fantastic possibilities for attack and defense," he wrote of one maneuver, and concluded, "The game lasted 120 moves before a peaceful solution was agreed upon."

EASY TO STOMACH

They may have trouble getting ice on their concrete bobsled run (SI, Feb. 20 *et seq.*) or the ruts out of their ski slopes, but the Winter Olympics Committee may be arranging things so that no one will notice. The committee's latest bulletin announces that both "earthly food" and "spiritual food" will be served up at Grenoble. "As France is, par excellence, a country renowned for its good food and drink," the advisory says, "it is important that the catering arrangements for the Xth Winter Olympic Games should be an element of propaganda and be especially good. . . . There will be a gastronomical choice of suggested menus based on a different French province every day." One menu, for example, includes *saucisson brioché, poularde demi-deuil, crêpes bressanes*, cheese, ice cream and a quarter liter of red Burgundy.

"Physical prowess and intellectual prowess are two inseparable terms of culture which concern Man as a whole," the bulletin continues. The people of Grenoble will "make of their town, during the Olympic Games, a temple, not only of sport but also of the spirit." The Paris Symphonic Orchestra conducted by Charles Munch will perform, as will the Comédie Française, the Paris Opera Company and the Ballet. Works by Stendhal, Paul Claudel and Baudelaire will be included in the cultural repertoire.

And under the heading of "Light Entertainment" there is a note that Roger Vadim (former husband of Brigitte Bardot and current husband of Jane Fonda) will act as Chief of Protocol, a post that requires him "to make sure that the sporting 'warriors' get all the leisure which is so important to them."

A FRIEND AT COURT

At a meeting in Montevideo, Uruguay, the International Amateur Basketball Association failed to renew the limited powers that it had given to the U.S. Basketball Federation four years ago to schedule games between American and foreign teams. In effect, it restored sole

jurisdiction in such matters to the AAU. The action means that the organization that represents 90% of the good basketball players in this country—the U.S. Basketball Federation—now has no control over their participation in foreign events.

The AAU has a representative on the central committee of the international body, but the Federation does not. The AAU also traditionally has the support of the Russians, who are hardly blind to the advantage of keeping U.S. international teams weak. It is no wonder that the action, or lack of action, in Montevideo benefited the AAU.

The current dispute is an extension of the continuing NCAA-AAU feud, since the Basketball Federation consists largely of collegiate representatives. The winner this time was the AAU. But the loser in the world basketball championship played in Montevideo was the U.S. team—one that was selected by the AAU. It performed as such teams have in the past, finishing fourth, while Russia won the championship.

It's nice of the Russians to be interested in our factional disputes, but if they keep helping out we may never even win a coin toss.

SKIRTING THE ISSUE

The recruiting of high school football stars is a frantic business at this time every year, with the best players lining up their offers like Boy Scout merit badges, but it is doubtful that any of them can match the bids received by Pat Mallory, a husky split end for Sheldon High in Eugene, Ore. As of graduation week, Pat had been solicited by the WAAFS, Pan-American Airlines, which wanted him as a stewardess, a Honolulu secretarial school, a St. Louis nursing school and a Portland (Ore.) beauty college.

SENIOR VICTORY

Playing for Southeastern Massachusetts Tech last week in the NAIA tennis championships in Kansas City was 52-year-old Harold Bannister, a former insurance salesman who returned to college in 1964 to get a degree in textile technology. Not surprisingly, Bannister was beaten in the first round of the tournament by Bobby Barbera, a 22-year-old senior from Appalachian State. Asked if he was inclined to go easy on Bannister because of his age, Barbera

continued

Wily Tennis Tip No. 10 from Pennsylvania

The "Blooper Ball"

Pennsylvania proposes this upsetting maneuver. Although it takes practice to perfect, the "Blooper Ball" has a devastating effect on an opponent nerved up for the usual flat service. Ball is hit underhand in very high, looping trajectory to land in any part of opponent's service area. Resultant high bounce is confusing, as well as irritating. Experts at this shot add erratic side spin. Important point: The "Blooper" is perfectly legal. Ignore all complaints.

The *Pennsylvania* Centre Court Advantage

The cardinal principle of Wily Tennis is to load the odds in your favor. What better way than to play the famous Centre Court ball. Its precision balance, true bounce and durability intensify any winning drive. Pair it with the deadly, new Centre Court racket — and you'll be twice as sure to reduce your opponent's chances. Meet the Centre Court winning team wherever quality sporting goods are sold. Pennsylvania Centre Court.

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YAMAHA

Yes, the Konica Auto-Reflex is a purely professional single lens reflex. With interchangeable, world-famous Hexanon lenses, precision focal plane shutter and complete system of accessories.

But it's the first professional camera everyone can handle. Because it's fully automatic. No needles to match, no dial twisting. You can just point and shoot. Its ultra-sensitive electric eye automatically sets the lens opening, no matter how fast the action breaks or the light shifts. (Of course, the Auto-Reflex can be set manually as well . . . when you want to twist!) The price: ask your dealer for the big surprise, and a demonstration. Or write for 12-page booklet. Konica Camera Corp., Box 1070, Woodside, N.Y. 11377.

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"The Lens Alone is Worth the Price"

The only complicated professional camera that you can simply point and shoot.

said, "No. This was my last chance in the tournament. Bannister will be back next year. He's only a junior."

BLAST OFF

President Johnson recently named Astronaut James Lovell to replace Stan Musial as head of his Council on Physical Fitness. Lovell says he will devote one-fourth of his time to the program, which seems optimistic for a man who is a full-time astronaut.

The federal fitness program should be a full-time concern. For much too long it has been operating fitfully. With its $315,000 annual budget, it can only afford to employ a staff of four. Stan Musial explained, "We didn't have enough money to print the booklets people were asking us for. We couldn't hire specialists, or even expose quacks who were running full-page newspaper advertisements for electrical gimmicks. People were posing as representatives of the fitness program, and we were unable to fight them because of lack of funds." Concluded old pro Musial, "It is a shame a country as rich as ours can't put fitness on a professional basis."

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

The Physical Fitness Program may have other weighty problems if the latest New York fad spreads. The other day 500 people gathered for a Fat-In at The Sheep Meadow in Central Park. Demonstrators carried banners reading "Fat Power" and "Buddha Was Fat." Some wore buttons with the message "Take a Fat Girl to Dinner" or "Help Cure Emaciation." They burned a pile of diet books and a photograph of Twiggy and offered each other fattening foods brought especially for the occasion. The 210-pound 5'11" organizer of the protest, Steve Post, said its purpose was to protest discrimination against the fat.

THEY SAID IT

• Sam Mele, to his family after he was fired by the Minnesota Twins: "What are you crying for? All these years you've been saying you'd like to have me home for the summer. Well, that's where I'll be now."

• Bo Belinsky, on Philadelphia: "It's a town where you can see *Ramar of the Jungle* four times on the *Late Show*. Soon as I pop into the hotel, flip on the TV and see the jungle scene, I say, 'Hey, Ramar, I'm back in Philly.'" **END**

What's so different about Gates Polyester Cord Premium Tire?

...try a set for 30 days and see for yourself!

We're convinced you can't buy better tire performance than you'll get from Gates new polyester cord Super Silent Safety Tire. That's why we invite you to try them on your own car. For 30 days. We believe you'll detect a difference right away. In handling ease. In the soft, quiet ride. In quick getaways. In fast stops. In the feeling of control you'll have every minute you're behind the wheel. What makes the difference? Gates 50 years of tire-building experience for one. And polyester cord. The revolutionary tire cord that combines unsurpassed strength with a smooth, quiet ride — and doesn't flat spot. You also get a low, wide, road-hugging cross section and inches-wider tread that puts more rubber on the road for nimble, responsive cornering and sure-footed high speed turns. You can see the difference, too, in the distinctive thin line whitewall. Like we said, try a set of four Super Silent Safety tires on your car for 30 days. Drive them under any road conditions. You will agree they are the finest performing tires you have ever owned, or you can return them to your local Gates dealer. Simply note your dissatisfaction and sign your name on the reverse of the original sales ticket. Your Gates dealer will refund your full purchase price. How can we make such an offer? Because only Gates builds a tire like the Super Silent Safety.

GATES TIRES 50

The Gates Rubber Company

Sports Illustrated
JUNE 19, 1967

THE GLORIOUS DOUBLE

Ford made it two straight at Le Mans as A. J. Foyt added another triumph to his Indy victory **by BOB OTTUM**

The 24 Hours of Le Mans is an ancient rite of spring, French style. It always starts as a road race. Then through daylight and darkness it becomes an exercise in survival, shattering the best drivers and the most beautiful cars in the world. More than 325,000 people stay up all night just to see the flash of headlights and hear the thunder of engines. There is extreme exhaustion and very little prize money, only an awful lot of glory for those who prove to be the best survivors.

This year the glory belonged to America. At 4 p.m. Sunday, on a blocked-off section of blacktop highway just outside town, a chunky Ford Mark IV wheeled triumphantly across a white line painted between a solid wall of spectators. Behind it came two Ferraris and a Ford held together by strips of tape: proud, battered and still beautiful. And scattered down the road behind them trailed just 12 other cars, the remnants of the fastest field and some of the most hectic hours in Le Mans history. In twisted piles of expensive junk—the battered monuments that men dedicate to endurance racing—lay 38 cars that had broken or crashed or burned.

The winning Ford was a 500-horsepower sports prototype, as red on the outside as any old Ferrari, and it had been driven in shifts by the inimitable new team of Dan Gurney and A. J. Foyt of Indy 500 fame. They are the first all-American pair ever to win this solidly European event, and Foyt is the first driver to take both the 500 and Le Mans. To win they had charged along for a record 3,220.5 miles at an average speed of 135.40

continued

With Foyt at the wheel Ford's conquering Mark IV speeds toward Le Mans record Foyt and Co-Driver Dan Gurney were first U S. pair to win.

mph—through splashes of sunshine, into a foggy night and back into a chill day.

It all began at 4 p.m. on Saturday, with 54 cars lined up in promising array. Le Mans is actually several races within one giant race, complete with little cars buzzing and snapping around the monster prototypes and a sneaky middle-sized Porsche lurking behind every hay bale. Still, a European road-racing fan is no different from anyone else; offer him a choice between little cars and big cars, and he will go for the heavyweights every time.

deadly corporate game. Besides Gurney and Foyt there were two-time National Driving Champion Mario Andretti, Lloyd Ruby and Roger McCluskey from Indy, and from the road circuits such cool old hands as New Zealand's Bruce McLaren, Belgium's Lucien Bianchi and America's Ronnie Bucknum. It was so luxurious a situation that Dearborn could afford to spend the talents of Gurney and Foyt on the same car.

There was quite a bit more to the Ford cavalcade than name drivers. Ford people had wheeled in on Le Mans

A frightening accident wrecked the Fords of Mario Andretti (No. 3) and Roger McCluskey

And they were heavyweights: America's Ford Motor Company, which had swept the race one, two, three last year, rolled in with six monsters—four new Mark IVs and two Mark IIs—all painted in deceptive lollipop colors. Ferrari, which had won the race six consecutive years before all this upstart nonsense from the States, shipped in three P4s *of its own and had four strong racers* in private hands. There also were two winged Chaparrals from Texas, which had not won much of anything but were so swift they looked as though they might at any moment, and a pair of Lola-Aston Martins in tones of British racing-green as dark as their hopes.

The first nine cars on the starting grid—six Fords, one Chaparral and two Ferraris—had all gone faster in practice than the track record of 142.980 mph. Ford's agents had signed and delivered 14 of the world's top drivers to play this

aboard what had to be every rental Fiat available at the Paris airport. They leased the Peugeot garage and installed huge tiers of toolboxes, a coffee machine and a Coca-Cola dispenser. By rough count there were no fewer than 119 Ford men at trackside, plus a guerrilla team of windshield experts flown in from the U.S. at the last moment to *fix some glass that was cracking.*

During practice, platoons of newsmen created such a pitside traffic jam that Jacque Passino, Ford's special vehicles manager, had to limit the number with special passes. "It's incredible," said Passino. "When one of our cars pulls in for a routine pit stop the newsmen collapse on it in a gigantic heap. Someone dangles several microphones, and if the driver says something mundane like, 'Jeez, I really have to go to the bathroom,' it's broadcast to everybody in the stands."

The clampdown stirred up a certain amount of bitterness among the natives, who regard all Le Mans cars as personal property with tires to be kicked with impunity. The tabloid *France Ouest* said, in rough translation: "We give you guys the Statue of Liberty, and now you won't even let us into your pits."

Despite such potshots the Ford front line was regarded more as colossal than colossus, and there was French sympathy for the Americans as well as for the more familiar European Ferraris.

The long Le Mans course twists for 8.38 miles through woods where trolls must surely lurk waiting for any driver who fails to negotiate the tricky bends. There is a straightaway that runs on nonracing days right into the village of Mulsanne. The course also threads past a few peaceful pastures, and on race day the smartest farmers are the ones who keep their cows in the barn.

Statistically, the race shaped up as France's alltime dandy. Enzo Ferrari's four-liter P4 prototypes were well-reared grandchildren of his successful 1963 racer—all bundled into new aero-dynamic bodies. Beneath each siren-red rear deck lay an engine stuffed with 12 dwarf cylinders and 36 valves—a fantastically complicated engine, as full of moving things as a Diners' Club computer, but one that looked as if it might run well into the next week without trouble. In fact, Ferrari's long suit for years has been the building of engines so strong that a crew chief has to beat one with a tire iron to shut it off. Every curbstone expert in town knew the P4s were turning out 450 hp at 8,000 rpm, and that Ferrari had had months longer to tinker with the basic design than had Ford with the Mark IVs.

Down the line the Mark IVs sat in magnificent seven-liter array. There is not too much you must know about a *seven-liter engine except that you can* fill its cylinders with seven liters of a good Beaujolais, which is capable of producing quite a performance in man or machine. Each engine weighed 560 pounds, wore eight barrels of carburetors and tended to generate so much power that the mechanics had to detune them to keep them from running off into the forest. At Le Mans the experts had managed to strap them in and hold them down to a modest 500 hp, which, nevertheless, provided more speed than the average French taxi driver would

ever need in his most extravagant dream.

It was clear last weekend that anyone who ever speaks again of hare-and-hounds racing strategy had better go back to high-button shoes. Everybody wanted to be the hare, and to be the hound was to be in real trouble.

Gurney bounded across the track to his No. 1 Mark IV with long strides, doubled himself inside and proceeded to run every other rabbit silly. From that moment, even through the scary events that were to follow, Ford led all the way, with one car or another. Usually it was the No. 1 of Gurney and Foyt.

"Boy," Gurney said over his lunch break, "it's really something when you wing around that first corner and on into the Mulsanne straight and then glance down and discover that your seat belt is not locked. I began to steer with my knees—I held the speed down to about 195 or so—and I buckled myself in and then I *really* stood on it."

On the second lap around, four Fords were out in front and pulling away. The Ferraris were nicely bunched but hanging back, some experts said, waiting for the sky to be filled with exploding Ford engines. But that was not to be. There were accidents, yes. Explosions, no.

Three scant hours after the start everybody was still flying at the near flat-out pace of the opening minutes. Gurney was streaking along in front, averaging nearly 140 mph and playing tailpipe footsie with the Chaparral driven by Phil Hill. They were followed at that stage by another Ford and then the first Ferrari, Bianchi's Ford, bursting down the Mulsanne straight, hit 213.003 mph to record the top speed of the day.

Andretti sat comfortably at midday in fireproof coveralls and unruffled hair. "Man, I couldn't believe we would smoke off the Ferraris like this," he said. "I can pass any one of them anytime I want, anyplace on the track I want. People may say they're hanging back. All I know is that Chris Amon is really winging it, because his back end gets all squiggly when he goes around corners. He is obviously going as fast as he'll go."

Ferrari's Ludovico Scarfiotti, the terror of the Italian tracks, was trying as hard but not doing any better. About midnight Saturday he and Teammate Mike Parkes inherited the heaviest burden of pursuit. Amon's car had a mishap and burst into flames. Amon barely escaped.

A black, chill night settled over the woods and several hundred thousand Frenchmen had settled down with loaves of bread, cheese and wine to watch the Fords go by when suddenly, at 3:32 a.m., the entire character of the race changed.

Andretti, fresh from a nap, replaced Bianchi—who had been holding the car solidly in second place—and pulled away from the pits. As he sprinted savagely uphill and into the first turn at more than 150 mph the right front brake grabbed the car and swung it sickeningly into a spin. It bounced off dirt barrier walls, spewing coachwork and wheels, and pounded itself into something that did not resemble a Mark IV at all. The only thing left really intact was the honeycombed driving compartment.

Andretti scrambled out of what was left of the car, leaped atop a wall and sat there, stunned. He had a rib injury, cuts on his right knee and hand and a sore chest where he had slammed the steering wheel.

In the next instant McCluskey burst over the same hill, going full blast, and as the car settled into the turn he spotted Andretti's wrecked Mark IV sitting in the middle of the track.

"I didn't know if Mario was still in the car, and I knew I would kill him if I ever hit him," McCluskey said, "so I had to put her into the wall."

McCluskey's car slammed around and shattered, and Roger scrambled out and jumped up on the bank. McCluskey had been in 10th spot. Now there were two down, but one more was coming. Another Ford, a Mark II entered by Ford of France and driven by Jo Schlesser, arrived on the scene, spotted both wrecked cars, and it, too, went into the wall.

In those fast seconds, half the Ford backfield was wiped out. Not too many hours later, the entire back deck blew off McLaren's car and flew up toward the trees. McLaren made one lap around with his naked engine showing and retrieved the missing deck, back in the pits his crew riveted, pinched, welded and taped it into place. It made for the world's longest pit stop, but McLaren took the car back out, ragged as it was, and finished the race in fourth place. Then Bucknum's car broke, and the eyes of Texas, France and any other place you would care to name were all focused on Ford's remaining hopes, Gurney and Foyt.

By this time the Chaparral was out with transmission problems. Scenting the possibility of victory, the hounds of Ferrari now occupied the second, third and fourth positions and began the long wait for the Fords to fold.

They waited and waited and waited. Scarfiotti in the second-place car lay five laps off the pace. He waited all morning, tooling along. He waited as Gurney and Foyt periodically changed chairs

Henry Ford II led mass[illegible] U.S. assau[illegible]

smiling broadly at each other. He waited in vain.

Foyt drove the winner home past a row of Ford pits piled deep with vice-presidents, top executives, engineers, the chairman of the board and his lovely wife, and past all the wreckage of the disasters. Then Gurney jumped up on the fender for the ride into the victory circle. Standing on a platform surrounded by an adoring throng, he and Foyt did what any happy new racing song-and-dance act would do. They popped open their bottles of champagne and sprayed the whole crowd, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford II included.

The Fords did not seem to mind. In fact, Chairman of the Board Ford allowed as how he would have liked to drive one of his own cars himself.

"But I'm just too old," he sighed. "I would probably put it into one of these hay bales and lose the race." **END**

Earlier this month a group of prominent Negro athletes held a confidential meeting with Muhammad Ali in Cleveland to discuss his decision to reject Army service. Much erroneous public conjecture ensued. Here one of the leading participants tells what did happen and offers provocative opinions of his own

'I AM NOT WORRIED ABOUT ALI'

by BILL RUSSELL with TEX MAULE

I envy Muhammad Ali. He faces a possible five years in jail and he has been stripped of his heavyweight championship, but I still envy him. He has something I have never been able to attain and something very few people I know possess. He has an absolute and sincere faith.

I have known that for a long time, but he demonstrated it again last week when I talked to him in Cleveland. Jim Brown called me and asked me if I would join him and some other Negro athletes in a meeting with Ali to offer him whatever help we could with his problems. I was happy to go, because I have a very special feeling for Muhammad.

This was not supposed to be a public meeting. When the news leaked out, it was reported wrong, too. We never went to Cleveland to try to persuade Muhammad to join the Army. We went to offer him our help, if he had changed his mind and decided to go in the Army after all, we were ready to say that we had influenced him to do it and we were ready to accept our share of the criticism and insult he would be sure to get from some of the Negro community.

We were there to give him an out if he wanted one, but he never wavered for a moment. There were 10 of us at the meeting in a room at the Negro Industrial and Economic Union. Jim Brown, the Cleveland football player who is making movies now; Lew Alcindor, the All-America basketball player from UCLA; Curtis McClinton, Kansas City Chiefs fullback; Willie Davis, All-League defensive end from Green Bay; John Wooten, Cleveland Browns guard; Walter Beach, Browns defensive back; Bobby Mitchell, Washington Redskins flanker; Jim Shorter, Redskins defensive back; Sid Williams, Browns linebacker, and myself. Aside from being there to help Ali, we wanted to find out from him in his own words what was going on. It is distressing, but you can't tell from the papers and magazines anymore. It is a symptom of the growing return to McCarthyism in this country that the papers slant and distort the news until it is almost impossible to determine the truth.

Muhammad was in good spirits. It was an informal meeting. We just sat around and discussed his problems for about two or three hours, and we found out right away that he was not going to change his mind.

"I'm doing what I have to do," he said. "I appreciate you fellows wanting to help and your friendship. But I have had the best legal minds in the country working for me, and they have shown me all the options and alternatives I could use if I wanted to go in. Things like going in to be an ambulance driver, or a chaplain, or a truck driver. Or joining and saying I would not kill. I could do any of those things, or I can go to jail.

"Well, I *know* what I must do. My fate is in the hands of Allah, and Allah will take care of me. If I walk out of this room and get killed today, it will be Allah's doing and I will accept it. I'm not worried. In my first teachings I was told we would all be tested by Allah. This may be my test."

He talked to us politely and enthusiastically and honestly. We didn't try to change his mind. No one has the right to do that. After listening to him talk and getting the full impact of how he feels about his religion, I realized that I was certainly in no position to tell him what to do. He has achieved a faith that I never have, as much as I would like to.

"I sleep well every night," he told us. "I'm not afraid. Once someone told me I should have a couple of

continued

Boxing's Ali listens to basketball's Russell before press conference following their meeting.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TOMSIC

bodyguards, when the feeling against me was so strong. But I walk the streets by myself and I don't need bodyguards. I'm in the hands of Allah."

So he must do what he believes to be right. I don't think he has been treated fairly or justly. The action taken by the boxing commissions is, I believe, a symbol of our times, of the doctrine of guilt by accusation. He has not been convicted of anything yet, but he has been deprived of his championship. There is nothing that says the heavyweight champion of the world must belong to a particular religion or not be a conscientious objector to war. Muhammad's right to be a Black Muslim—or a Catholic or a Protestant—is guaranteed by the Constitution. He may be acquitted when he comes to trial. No one knows what will happen. But because he is a Black Muslim and because he refuses to compromise his principles it will be difficult for him to get a fair trial. I'm not taking the position of trying to defend Ali, because he doesn't need my defense. I can't say that what he believes in is right or that it's wrong, but he certainly has the right to believe.

Maybe I can demonstrate what I mean. Say you sat down and wrote a biography of Muhammad Ali and told all about him. He doesn't smoke or drink or curse, and I've never known that he chased women, even when he was single. You could put down that he is the greatest heavyweight champion of all time and you wouldn't be wrong. Then you would put down that he is a devout Black Muslim, and all at once, from being a hero, he would become a villain. Then go back through the biography and change just two words. Every time you used "Black Muslim" change it to Catholic or Protestant or Baptist, and now he's a hero again.

That's a demonstration of the guilt by association that seems to be growing in this country. Because I'm a Negro, I am asked what I think Ali should do about the Muslims and whether he is sincere or is just being badly misguided.

One of the great misconceptions about Ali is that he is dumb and has fallen into the wrong hands and does not know what he is doing. On the contrary, he has one of the quickest minds I have ever known. At the meeting in Cleveland all of us found out thoroughly that he knew a great deal more about the situation than we did. If he were being led blindfolded by the Muslims I doubt very much that he would be taking the stand he is. What good will he do the Muslims in jail? Right now he is the best recruiter they have, and when he goes to jail—if he does—they will lose his services. He can earn a million dollars a year fighting, but he won't make a penny in jail. So it would be to the best interests of the Muslim movement if he went into the Army in a noncombatant status.

But Ali is a stubborn man, and once he makes up his mind no one can change it. If you consider what he has given up for his beliefs, you can appreciate just how strong-minded he is. If he had wanted to compromise just a little, think of what he could have. All he would have to do is play down being a Black Muslim and accept the popular idea of what he should be.

It's tough for a man to be as devout as Ali. He could have said to himself, "I want to be a so-called Negro leader, and I'll compromise in certain ways." But if he did, he could not have lived with himself. Instead of that he has made far greater sacrifices than anyone seems to realize.

First, he's like all professional athletes or actors or artists. He thrives on adulation. He loves it, but he is throwing that away. As the heavyweight champion, he is the top athlete in the world. What Jim Brown achieved when he became the best fullback in the history of football or what Wilt Chamberlain or I achieved by our accomplishments in basketball is insignificant compared with being the heavyweight champion. Football and basketball are team sports and football is a peculiarly American sport, but the heavyweight champion competes in a universal sport, and he reaches his championship all alone. Ali isn't even mature physically yet. I don't think he will reach his physical maturity until he is about 28, so that he can stay on top for another 10 years, with all the adulation and popularity that would mean.

But he is willing to give that up.

I know that he was very much in love with his wife, who is a beautiful woman. But when she would not join him in his religion he walked away from her.

So he is sacrificing adulation, wife, money and popularity. Can anyone doubt his sincerity?

I have known Muhammad Ali since about 1962, when he was still Cassius Clay. I met him in Los Angeles when he was fighting someone named Logan, I think. I met him at a press conference at the Sheraton-West Hotel, where we were staying. I liked him then, and I liked him more the better I knew him. It is hard for me to be objective in my evaluation of him because I do like him so much.

Because I do know and like him, people ask me about his Muslimism. I remember a few years ago when I became curious about Communism. I read all I could about it—Marx, Engels and all I could find about the life of Stalin. Finally I rejected Communism because I had studied it and understood it and decided that it held no answers for me. I

Reaching up to adjust Lew Alcindor's tie, Ali, at 6'3", is dwarfed by the 7-foot UCLA star.

did the same thing with the Muslim religion. I studied it until I thought I understood it, and I rejected it because it did not answer my needs. Obviously, it *is* the answer for Ali. I think he was turning toward it long before he announced that he was a Muslim in Miami Beach before the first fight with Sonny Liston.

I remember once, before he won the title, when he came to Boston for a big sports banquet. After the banquet was over, about 11 o'clock, he and I went out together. Here was a young, healthy, handsome boy of 20. I didn't know him very well then, so I figured he would probably want to go where the girls were, but not so. We went to a few clubs, but he didn't have a drink. Finally he asked me where he could get some ice cream. He wasn't supposed to eat ice cream, but he wanted to sneak in a dish out of sight of his trainer. That was his only vice.

We talked for two or three hours that night, and when I got home I told Rose, my wife, "That boy is either a Muslim already or he will be pretty soon." I didn't say it as a criticism.

Since the meeting in Cleveland I have been asked what I would do about serving in Vietnam if I were in Ali's place. If I had Ali's firm belief I would do what he is doing, obviously. I have studied the war in Vietnam as thoroughly as possible. I doubt that it makes much difference to the peasant living on a farm in Vietnam which side wins. He gets pushed around by the Viet Cong or by the Americans or the South Vietnamese in any case. Some people say it is an unjust war, but who can judge that? I don't think any war is just.

But the war in Vietnam is not the big problem in this country today. The biggest problem is in the country itself. Too many issues are being decided on the basis of hate and violence. Sometimes it isn't all that apparent, but it exists under the surface.

Take the election of Ronald Reagan as governor of California, which was certainly a victory for the far right. One of the strong points of his platform was his program for dealing with people on relief. To me, what he said was, in effect, I'll take them off relief and then they will either have to get a job or leave the state. When he said "they" no one had to point out that what he really meant was Negroes. So the voters, without ostensibly voting against open housing or against the Negro, were given the opportunity to express themselves in an acceptable way, and they did it by electing Reagan.

The hysterical and sometimes fanatical criticism of Ali is, it seems to me, a symptom of the deeper sickness of our times. I feel sorry for the court that tries him; it must be sensitive to public opinion and it cannot operate in a vacuum. If Ali is acquitted some people will say that they were afraid not to acquit him. If he is convicted the judge will have to give him the maximum sentence. That is because of the emotional climate of the country today.

I have been active in Boston in trying to improve the school system for the children in the poverty-stricken neighborhoods. We have passed an imbalance law, which provides for the desegregation of schools by transporting the underprivileged children to schools in the better neighborhoods. I think that this is a good thing, because the underprivileged should be given the opportunity for better schooling and for association with other children so that they realize that there are levels of existence beyond poverty.

In talking to people about this problem I have run into a barrier that is a reflection of the times. It makes no difference to me if the children of poverty are black or white. If they live in a poor neighborhood and go to school with nothing but underprivileged children, their growth is stunted no matter what their color.

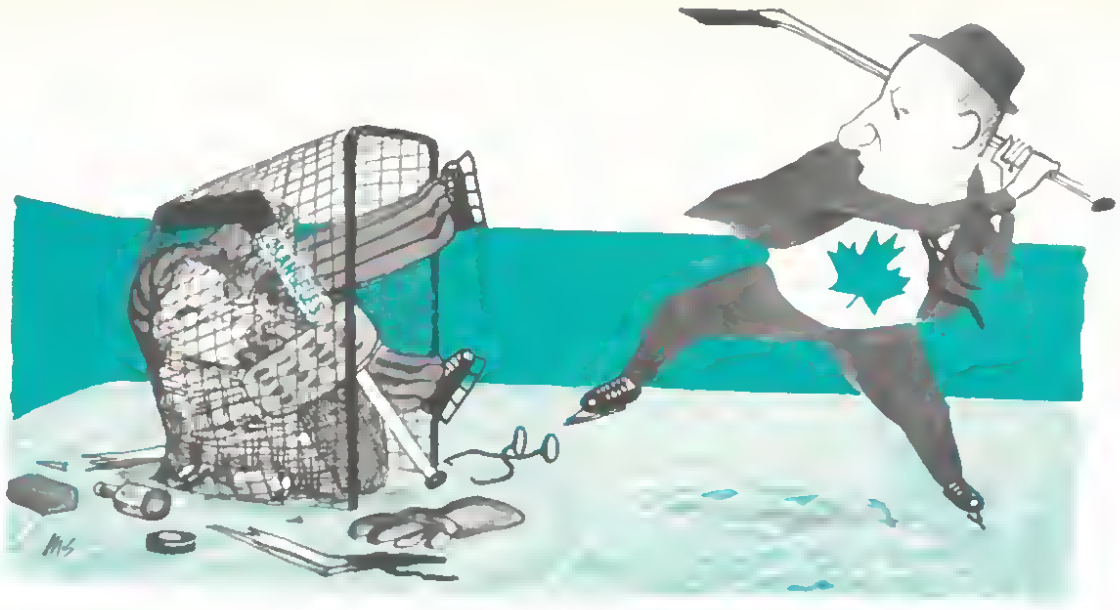
But when I try to discuss this with people, I find that their reaction is not, "This is Bill Russell talking about the problems of education for underprivileged children." Their reaction is that this is Bill Russell, Negro, talking about the special problems of Negro children. We don't seem to be able to communicate on a level that is above color or prejudice.

I suppose one of the few worlds in which this attitude does not exist is the make-believe world of professional sports, where a man is judged on his talent, not the color of his skin. When I was appointed coach of the Boston Celtics the other players accepted me with no antagonism at all. They respected my ability as a player and my knowledge of the game, and they played as hard for me as they used to play for Red Auerbach.

For quite a while, though, some of the writers around the league seemed to doubt that I was really the coach. They would go to Red and ask him if there were any changes in the lineup or about the condition of a player on the team. I could not help believing that this was, in part, because I am a Negro. I think that now everyone accepts the fact that I'm the coach.

But that, again, is the make-believe world of sports. Out in the real world the prejudice seems to be growing stronger and the threat of violence closer.

I'm not worried about Muhammad Ali. He is better equipped than anyone I know to withstand the trials in store for him. What I'm worried about is the rest of us. **END**



The pickings were thin as hockey's expansion draft staffed six new U.S. teams—thinnest of all for Los Angeles' Jack Kent Cooke, who was the object of some expertly brutal hazing by Toronto's Punch Imlach **by PETE AXTHELM**

AN ICY WELCOME TO THE NHL

Sam Pollock, the peppery little general manager of the Montreal Canadiens, kept jumping up and rushing over to whisper trade suggestions to Wren Blair of the new Minnesota team. Emile Francis of New York bit his nails as he looked around the room and wondered if he would get away with his bold attempt to sneak Boom Boom Geoffrion through the draft without protecting him. Nervous groups huddled at each of the 12 green-covered rectangular tables in the Grand Salon of the Queen Elizabeth Hotel in Montreal, and executives called out names of players involved in the expansion of the National Hockey League from six teams to 12. The transfer of 120 men to new clubs—the largest single draft of so-called major league talent in sports history—was going smoothly at 11 of the tables

But at the 12th, headquarters of the Los Angeles Kings, Jack Kent Cooke was in trouble. While other new clubs selected the best of the available players, Cooke kept coming up with minor-leaguers. While more experienced hockey men engineered deals and agreements, Cooke floundered along on his own. And midway through the daylong draft, the most flamboyant new owner in the NHL found himself in a head-on confrontation with the shrewdest and toughest executive in all hockey, Toronto's George (Punch) Imlach. "Does he think he's playing with kids here?" Imlach wondered aloud. "Well, he's not. I guess we'll have to show him that he can't come in here and start pushing us all around." When Imlach finished showing Cooke, the Los Angeles owner had temporarily lost his coach and permanently lost a lot of the brash confidence he had brought to the meetings.

Cooke had swept into town as if riding a white horse. The night before the draft he called a press conference to announce the acquisition of the minor league Springfield Indians. Suave and dapper, smiling graciously into every television camera, Cooke treated his deal as a coup ranking with the Louisiana Purchase. He barged on to predict that Los Angeles would break even with three of the established NHL clubs in its first season of play.

This little fantasy faded very early in the meeting. Cooke had made three important mistakes in preparing for the draft. First, he had too few aides with a knowledge of hockey talent. Second, he seemed so anxious to keep the spotlight on himself that he consistently undermined the authority of the most experienced hockey man he did have, Larry Regan. Cooke made a point of calling Regan his chief scout, although he was soon to make him general manager, and appeared to take pleasure in giving loud orders to Regan in front of other people. Finally, he underestimated Punch Imlach in the tug of war over his prospective coach, Red Kelly.

Ultimately Cooke drafted a group of players that make Los Angeles a near-unanimous selection for last place in the National Hockey League's new Western Division. He wound up with only one man who finished last season with an NHL club—and that man is Goalie Terry Sawchuk, who has been plagued by injuries and may well decide to retire after pondering the list of men who will be playing in front of him. After the goalie draft, Cooke stunned other owners by choosing a minor-leaguer, Gord Labossiere, in the first round when such

NHL workhorses as Eric Nesterenko and Dick Duff were available. Looking for a defenseman in the next round, he chose the undistinguished Bob Wall over Boston's fine prospect, Joe Watson. His later choices seemed even more dubious. "He was coming up with such unbelievable selections," said one of Francis' assistants, "we wondered if, for the good of the league, we shouldn't send somebody over to help him."

But no help came, and as the lunch break approached Punch Imlach began to have thoughts of his own about Cooke. "Here this guy had made a lot of noise about wanting Red Kelly as coach, and then he started drafting all kinds of players who couldn't compare to Kelly," Imlach said. "I got a little tired of waiting around." Under the terms of the draft session, each old team could protect one goalie and 11 other men; after a club lost a player, it was allowed to protect an additional player. Therefore, if Cooke had drafted Kelly in an early round, Imlach might have been able to "fill" with Brit Selby or Larry Jeffrey, two young left wings he eventually lost.

Cooke claimed he didn't draft Kelly because he thought he had an unwritten agreement with Imlach and Toronto Owner Stafford Smythe, by which Kelly would be allowed to retire from the Leafs to coach Los Angeles. One of the NHL's more feudal rules makes such an agreement necessary; a player who retires cannot take any other job in hockey for a full year unless his old club agrees to release him. So, Imlach held Kelly in virtual serfdom, whether he wanted to quit or not, unless Cooke drafted him. "We made no agreement of any kind to release Kelly to them," said Smythe. "We own Kelly, and Cooke has offered us nothing for him."

During the ninth round of selections the fight surfaced. Imlach sent his assistant, King Clancy, to tell Kelly that Toronto would put him on its protected list if Cooke did not draft him. "I'm committed to Los Angeles," Kelly said. "Please don't take me back." Clancy made it clear that Imlach certainly would take Kelly back—and Kelly, Cooke and other Los Angeles officials adjourned to lunch. "They had a whole hour to talk it over," said Imlach. "Then they marched back in and took another bush-leaguer instead of Kelly. Maybe Cooke thought I was kidding, or maybe he thinks we're running some kind of charity here." Hardly pausing for the dramatic emphasis that Cooke undoubtedly would have appreciated, Punch barked, "Toronto fills with Red Kelly."

"I'm shocked," said Kelly, who shouldn't have been after 7½ years with Imlach. "I'll take this to the Prime Minister if necessary."

"I'll take it to the league president," said Cooke. "I'm filing a formal protest." But the protest he presented to Clarence Campbell had little chance of success; league rules, however archaic or even illegal, clearly gave Imlach the right to tie up Kelly and keep him from taking the Los Angeles coaching job.

"I want to emphasize," said Imlach, "that I'm not trying to hurt Kelly in any way. Hell, give me any two players in the world and I take him and George Armstrong. But these new guys better learn that we're not in the habit of giving things away for nothing in this league." In the late rounds of the draft, Toronto offered Cooke two deals involving Kelly. "Draft Bernie Geoffrion," said Smythe, "and we'll give you Kelly for him." But Cooke, like every other new owner, had made a secret deal with Francis to leave Boom Boom in New York. They will all be reimbursed by the Rangers. Smythe also offered Kelly and an unnamed goaltender for Sawchuk—a move that would have left Toronto's Stanley Cup team virtually intact and would have completed Cooke's humiliation by leaving him without a single legitimate NHL player.

Cooke refused that offer, too, and went on charging Imlach and Smythe with breaking a gentleman's agreement. "What will I do about his protest?" Smythe said. "I'll laugh at it." Other people were already laughing. Cooke stopped enjoying the TV interviews because newsmen insisted on asking how he had come up with such a curious team. He lost his self-assured smile and ultimately his temper—calling a Toronto newspaperman a liar over one of the issues in the Kelly dispute. Imlach watched this with pleasure and after two days of it decided that he had exacted his pound of flesh. Influenced largely by his affection for Kelly, he let Red go to Los Angeles for a minor league defenseman named Ken Block.

Cooke, who also owns pro basketball and soccer teams and one-fourth of pro football's Washington Redskins, insisted that he was undisturbed by his apparent setbacks in Montreal. "Oh, I've been in a lot rougher spots than this," he said. "The only time the turbulence gets too rough for me is when I have a suspicion that I've made a mistake. I don't have that suspicion now."

While Imlach and Cooke supplied most of the excitement at the draft, the other teams were quietly making deals to gain strength in numbers if not in quality. Two big names, Geoffrion and Montreal's Claude Larose, were left off the original protected lists. But Francis and Pollock spread enough minor-leaguers and cash around to prevent the new clubs from claiming either star. New York, Montreal and Toronto got through the draft virtually untouched, and only last-place Boston lost many players who might have helped the team. In fact, the existing NHL clubs gave up so little under their draft system that Campbell's prediction that the two divisions might be equal in 1970 seems wildly optimistic.

Picking carefully amid the rejects, kids and fringe big-leaguers offered to him, the Philadelphia Flyers' general manager, Bud Poile, put together what looks like the best of the new clubs. Rudy Pilous of San Francisco also did well and may have the sleeper of the entire draft in Kent Douglas. Kent is a very good defenseman who never fit into Imlach's rigid system at Toronto but might develop into a star in new surroundings. Pittsburgh, St. Louis and Minnesota appear evenly matched. And then there is Los Angeles.

"What an intercity rivalry," joked one San Francisco official. "If we don't sweep all 10 games with L.A., everybody on our club will get fired." END

ALL DRESSED UP AND FIT TO KILL

To win the national decathlon championship, in case you are thinking about doing that and wondering what to wear, you could do worse than begin with the kind of wardrobe Bill Toomey packed down to Los Angeles last week in two large, soft vinyl bags. The bags were nice and roomy because Toomey needed to get in his four extra sweat suits, his extra socks, extra T shirts, shorts and protective garments and eight pairs of track shoes variously studded with track-grabbing treads. He said he did not need a pair for each of the 10 events because he could double up on a couple, but just to be triply sure he had extra spikes for the shoes. He also had starting blocks, a pole for vaulting, a javelin for throwing and a 16-pound shot for putting. Then there was some stick spray for his hands so he would not drop the 16 pounds on his toe and some lighter fluid to activate the adhesive wrapping around the pole handle to keep him from shinnying down it on the way up. Finally, for a lively, lovelier him, there were vitamins, minerals and muscle-relaxant pills and prescription sun-glare contact lenses.

The accouterments of the well-turned-out decathlon champion are only as important as the use he gets from them, of course, and it should come as no surprise that Toomey was able to accomplish 47 uniform changes in the two days of competition. Off with this suit, on with that one. Off with these shoes, on with those. Not all the changes were necessary but they afforded a good way for the 28-year-old schoolteacher with the walleyes and the proud chin to fidget himself warm on a raw, gray weekend in Los Angeles, a city that as a regular feature of life offers some of the most backward weather patterns in the world.

Except for the weather and for the fact that he is a practicing perfectionist who would not be satisfied merely to win his

Winning broad jump on way to decathlon title
Bill Toomay tosses arms in air to gain height

Bill Toomey arrived at the decathlon championships with a change of clothes for almost every event. He needn't have bothered. Despite sore tendons he easily outdistanced the field to win the title again

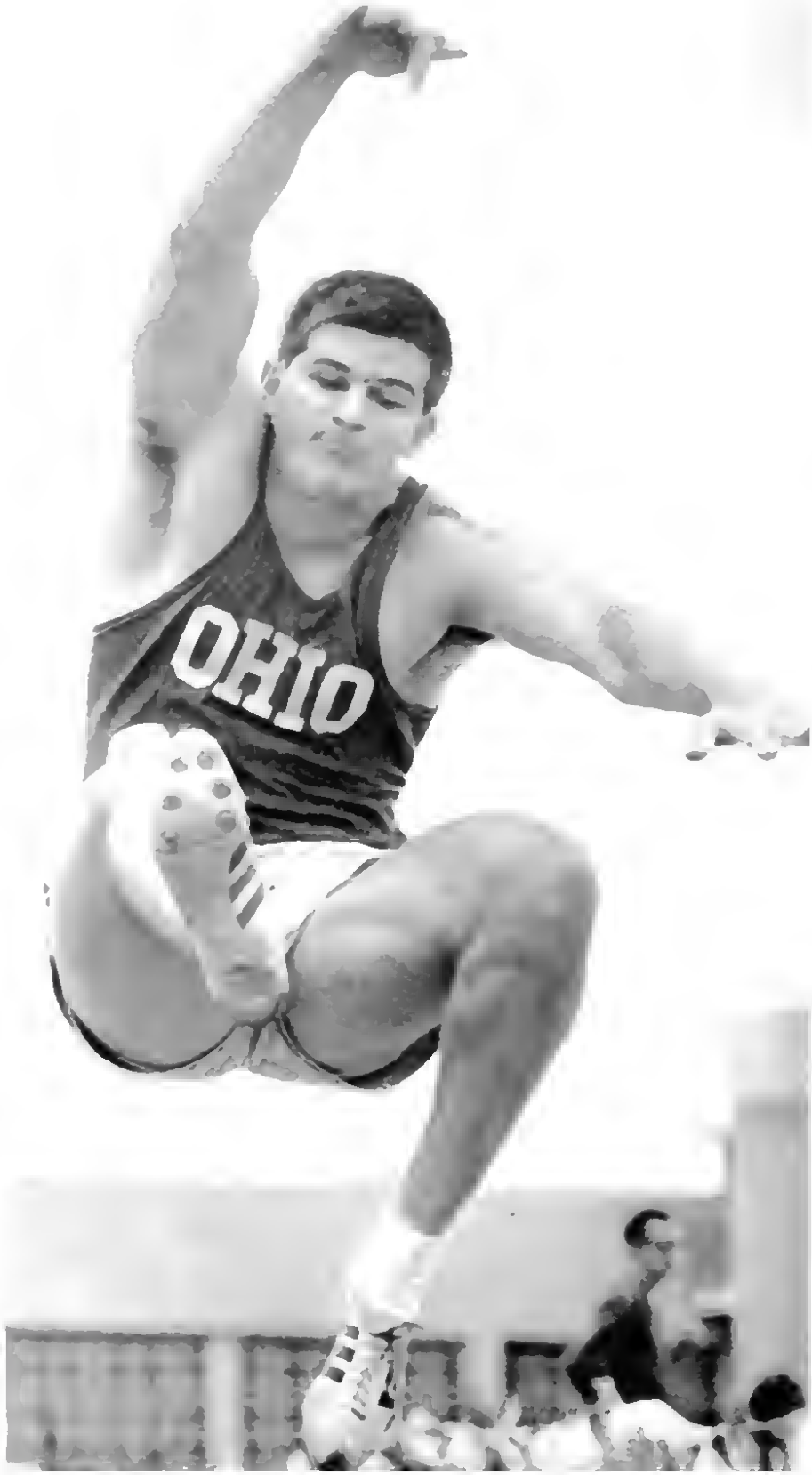
by JOHN UNDERWOOD

third straight national decathlon title which is what Toomey did—there was no abiding reason for Toomey to be anxious. Indeed, his success was as foregone as a conclusion can get, mainly because his principal competition—Russell Hodge by name—was out to lunch. Hodge used to live up there with Toomey and the boys in the little house in Santa Barbara that got to be known as Decathlon Manor (SI, June 12), but he had been hurting. He surprised almost everybody by dressing for the competition on the first day at the UCLA track. While loosening up, however, he pulled a muscle in his right leg. "Why this when I had so many other aches and pains to worry about?" he asked morosely, and then was scratched.

Behind Hodge there were a lot of nice fellows trying hard. Even some of these lesser lights fell fast. By the end of the first event, the 100 meters, Roberto Carmona, the Mexican, had a severe muscle pull and was getting his souvenirs packed. And Phil Shinnick, once one of the world's finest broad jumpers, was hobbling and would be through by the time he made one painfully short (13 feet) lob of a jump in his specialty. Jerry Moro, the Canadian champion and a regular at Decathlon Manor, sat on the infield counting sore muscles. "One, two, three, four, five. Five sore muscles." Finally, in the 400 meters, coming into the wind in the stretch, Moro fell to the track and grabbed his left leg. Number six and out.

Toomey himself was not in top condition, having irritated the tendons in his right knee. He had rested for two weeks and had been gobbling up those muscle-relaxers to keep from getting tight, and he was so loose he slogged the 100 meters in 11 seconds (he has done 10.3). He was well behind Bill Smith, a Pasadena schoolteacher, who won the dash in 10.6. The crowd in the stands was mostly Bill

continued



Bill Smith, who held the lead through the first four events, places second with 24' 1¾" leap.

Smith's relatives—12 of them—and they cheered Smith lustily.

"Now," said Toomey, gritting his capped teeth, "you'll see if Willie A. [that's him] has anything in him."

Toomey gained ground on Smith in the broad jump, a little more in the shot-put, more in the high jump and was still behind by 33 points going into the last event of the first day, the 400 meters. "Smitty's making it tough for me," said Toomey, but he had him now and he knew it. When Smith has to run more than 100 meters he is highly vulnerable. Despite a subpar 49 flat, Toomey went ahead by 99 points (Smith did it in a struggling 52 seconds). Smith's chances for a major upset were thereby scuttled, because he has never been in Toomey's class in four of the five events scheduled for the second afternoon's competition.

Toomey finished in the gloaming the next day with 7,880 points, far below the 8,234 he scored at Salina, Kans. in winning the championship last year. He was not surprised at this and he should not have been discouraged. If the layoff had dulled his sharpness as a runner, he had still done well in some of the technique events (he had an all-time best in the javelin of 219′ 11″) and neither he nor Hodge made any bones about looking ahead to the international meet in the Los Angeles Coliseum on July 8–9 when they will get their first hard look at Kurt Bendlin of Germany. Last month Bendlin solved their argument about who was No. 1 in the world by becoming No. 1 himself with 8,319 points.

"Besides," said Toomey, "I said I would be satisfied just to beat the 1964 Olympic score, and I did that."

"No you didn't," corrected Hodge. "You missed by seven points." Hodge and Toomey do not let each other win anything orally.

"O.K., I missed it then," said Toomey.

On the second day the battle became one for second place between Smith and Dave Thoreson, and it was important who won out because the first three finishers would qualify for the international meet, the Pan American Games and a subsequent trip to Europe. Since special consideration would have to be given Hodge, anything less than second would not be a desirable location.

Dave Thoreson, like Toomey and Smith, is a schoolteacher. He is also one of the original tenants of Decathlon Manor in Santa Barbara, but he is a breed apart. He is 6′ 2″ and weighs 167 pounds. His chest is concave. He has a theory about all that weight lifting he sees Toomey and Hodge doing: "Some guys can put it on just standing and watching," he says.

As a result, the 20 pounds of muscle he needs to become a legitimate 8,000-point man never gets put on. He is a fun-lover and a very funny man, and always loose, and the astounding thing about him is that he is as fierce a competitor as any of them. He will not concede. And, unlike most of the others, he is no hypochondriac. He ignores his ailments to a fault. His legs are scarred from his bouts with the hurdles, and he goes into competition half the time limping. He insists that "in this game, you've *got* to finish. It's the name of the game. You don't finish, you forget it."

The meet dragged. The first day's round had taken six hours and Sunday's would take eight and the evening chill was coming on when competition moved into the pole vault, which is always a poky thing anyway.

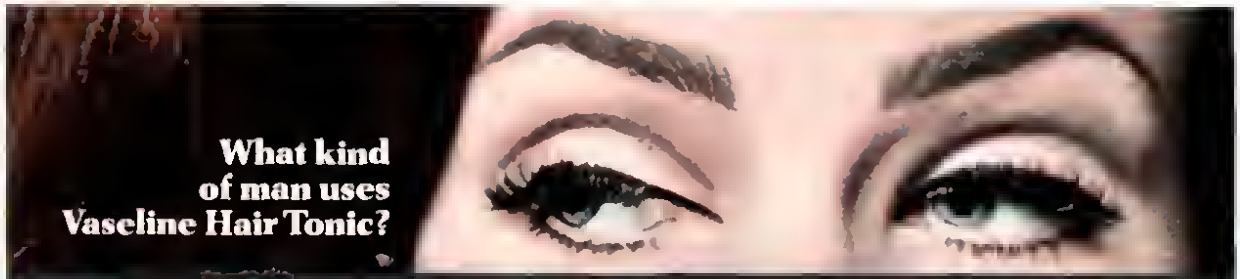
Thoreson leaned against a rubbing table by the pole-vault pit and assessed his chances to beat Smith with Moro, his roommate and tutor. "I'm 320 points behind," he said. "I need a 15-foot pole vault" (he'd never done 15 feet even in practice) "and it's even money in the javelin. In the 1,500 meters I'll have to do 4:30 to his 4:55. That'll give the edge,

continued

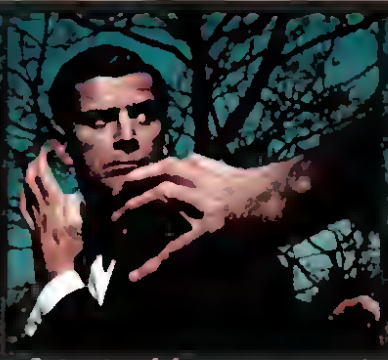
Dave Thoreson, who later doffed hat and sweat suit to win high jump, casually clears 6′ 2″.

Officials wearied by the 10-event program, nap on the soft foam rubber of the pole-vault pit

What kind of man uses Vaseline Hair Tonic?



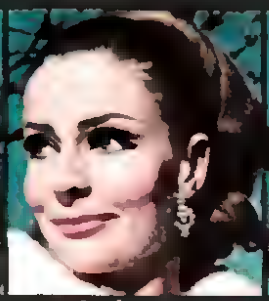
He senses danger. Sees one attacker, hears the other.



Swings into defense position.

A side kick to solar plexus drops one.

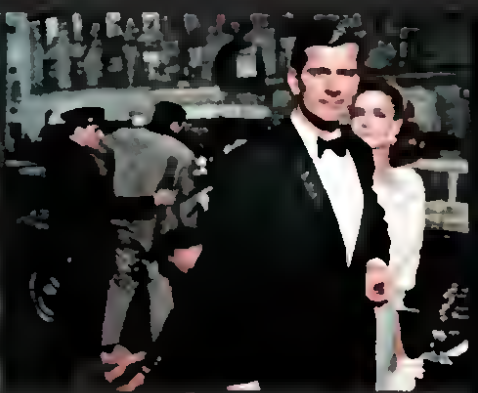
Spear hand thrust stops the other.



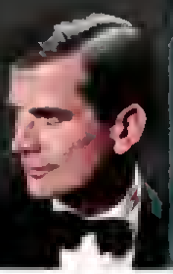
Looks easy.

With his wind gone, the surprised hood can't avoid . . .

the Ippon-seoinage and gets thrown.



Two against one is no problem for some men.



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I'd say about 69 points." He grinned knowingly.

Smith quit the pole vault at 11′ 11¾″. Thoreson started at that height and moved steadily up until he had cleared 14′ 7¼″. At that point he had the bar raised to 15 feet. He missed twice. "I hate this third-vault deal," he said, and smiled again. "You never know if you're going to miss." Moro was giving him some fast advice. "If you get to the end of the runway and you feel you can't do it, *don't*. Stop right there."

"All these years I never cleared 15 feet," Thoreson said dreamily. "I think I should have stopped at 14-10."

He looked at the bar for a long time, then came down the runway fast and was up and over at 15 feet. "The hardest fight of my life," he said, and went to look for his javelin. Someone yelled that Toomey had done 220 feet. Thoreson went over and put his arm around Toomey. "Can I use that javelin, Bill?"

Thoreson threw the javelin 190′ 11″, Smith 196′ 2″. Smith's lead was up to 104 points. His blonde wife Margaret began massaging his legs for the 1,500 meters. She said she met Bill when she used to go up to Ohio State University "to see what they had in the way of boys" and had not known anything about track then. "Since we got married everything we eat, drink and do is decathlon," she said.

"She's a great wife," said Jerry Moro. "That's the kind I want."

Smith, who had seen first place run away from him, now envisioned second going, too. "I doubt I can hold it," he said.

A short distance away Toomey and Thoreson were plotting against Smith. "I'll sprint out and you stick behind me," said Toomey. "We'll stay together and if I can do 4:35 you'll be in."

But it was Thoreson who sprinted out. He led Toomey by eight yards after the first quarter, had Smith by 17 seconds at the half and finished in 4:28.3 to Toomey's 4.32.3 and Smith's 5:18.3, and he had second place, 7,524 points to Smith's 7,341.

"I kept saying to myself, 'You can do it, you can do it,' and I was right," said Thoreson. He was elated and would not allow his joy to fade when he got back to his motel and found he could not get his car started. "That's all right," he said to Moro. "I can run to Santa Barbara." **END**

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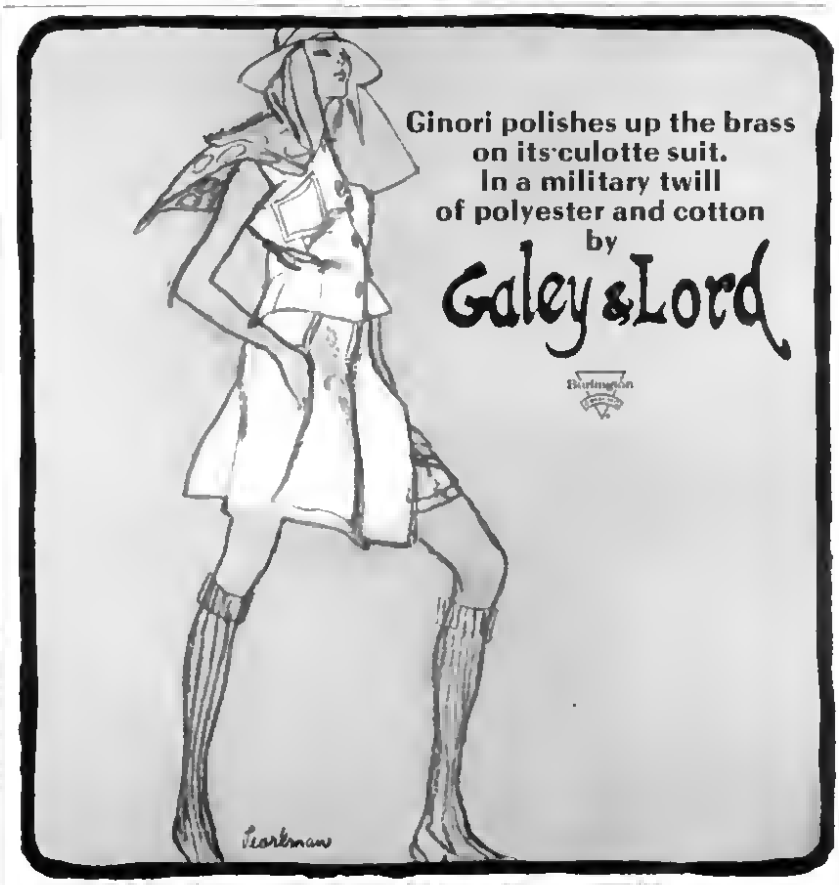

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'YOU SWEETER THAN WINE, JOE'

That is what the crowd yells when Gypsy Joe Harris steps into the ring. A prepostereous figure of a fighter with a bald head and potbelly, he is nevertheless as creative and exciting as Muhammad Ali and Sugar Ray ever were, and in Philadelphia's Jungle he is king ***by MARK KRAM***

All week the kid's name had been in the papers, but not even Centerfielder was prepared. Centerfielder has spent much of his life looking out a big, dusty window of a bar next to Madison Square Garden and sitting across the street in the lobby of a hotel where he does not live. He has his name because he is never seen without an old, fraying Yankee cap pulled down to his ears, and because he fields anything left on the bar between noon and midnight; he has a great pair of hands. "I know the kid is unusual," he says, "because everybody says he is, and also because anything from Philadelphia has got to be unusual."

What Centerfielder saw that morning in the hotel lobby was "Gypsy Joe" Harris of Philadelphia (*see cover*), a welterweight who, right with Muhammad Ali, is the most creative and exciting fighter since Sugar Ray Robinson. Now here comes Gypsy out of the elevator and into the lobby. Gypsy's girl is waiting, Centerfielder is in his usual position, next to a gentleman who will soon be discarding his morning paper, and there are a few Negroes. All turn and look at Gypsy, who is standing in the middle of the lobby and looking like one of those people you see in the sallow light of a Greyhound bus station just before day breaks.

Moving from his feet to his head, he is wearing big, fancy boots, blue Wrangler pants, a wide belt with cows on it, a red cowboy shirt and a white cowboy hat that rests on his head like a hill of whipped cream. He stands there for a long moment, shoves the hat to the back of his head and then fingers the strand of straw dangling from his mouth. On this day, you see, Gypsy really thinks he is a cowboy. Nobody can understand this, because the only place west Gypsy had been was West Philadelphia, and if he had ever yearned for wide-open space it was at night in a bedroom with three other kids in it.

"Well," said a Negro trainer, staring at Gypsy, "I always know he different, but he the first black boy I ever see who think he's Buck Jones."

"Oh, he's just a poor, lonesome southern boy," thought another man, waiting to get his autograph. "Some red-necked cracker hit him alongside his head one day and he'll wake up and know he ain't no Gary Cooper."

"Gypsy, you sweet," said his girl, "but you sure are the funniest lookin' cowboy I ever did see."

Gypsy Joe—so named because he used to wear bells on his shoes and because of his nomadic nature—may be an aberration as a cowboy, but he is also, to be certain, a quite preposterous figure as a fighter. He is 5'5" tall, has bowed legs, a protruding stomach and his head is a croquet ball that has been whacked too many times over a cobblestone street. "I keep it shaved," he says, "because when it's greased up the punches just slide off, and it's part of my cool anyway. If somebody else had a shaved head, I'd do something else, like letting my hair grow down the middle and keeping it shaved on both sides." He strives, obviously, to be unique, but he does not have to.

Even Gypsy's entrance before a fight is hardly conventional. He is, because he is so small, difficult to locate during his parade to the ring. All one ever sees are the two whalelike manager-trainers Willie Reddish and Yancey Durham, both of whom wear red-and-black smoking jackets and, smiling and waving, look like they are strolling leisurely out of a Harlem men's club. When Gypsy is fighting away from Philadelphia, the crowd roars in disbelief as he enters the ring. "I always love that first roar," he says. "Shows they 'preciate my threads."

The threads consist of a black hood over his head, a three-quarter length, double-breasted, red-satin robe with a black bow on the back and red shoes. Gypsy waits for the first roar to fade and, then, with the timing of a stripper, he sheds his robe and displays the rest of his ensemble: red-satin trunks with two black buttons on each side. "Sweeter than wine," they scream in Philadelphia. "You sweeter than wine, Joe."

"José Stable once knocked three of the buttons off my trunks," says Gypsy, indicating his concern for his appearance, "and I get so mad, I rip off the fourth button myself."

So there he is in the ring, and right

away you think of a toy clown with a key in its back, but before long he seems to become more like, say, boxing's contribution to the period. He takes his place alongside Twiggy, the letter opener who is Europe's retaliation for Coca-Cola and George Raft, alongside Timothy Leary, Michelangelo hair, banana peelings that turn you on and the Mafia gravediggers who did not do a very good job of covering up recently in New Jersey.

Artistically, Gypsy is almost beyond description. He is a master at improvisation, a skillful clown whose strange moves are an admixture of a stockade shuffle and a dance created by some demented choreographer. The moves are his best weapons. He is not a dangerous puncher, but, because of the volume and accuracy of his punches, his hands are can openers. There are no blueprints for his fights. "He don't make plans," says Reddish, "because he don't know what he gonna do till he do it." Often, for instance, he will be in the middle of a volcanic flurry and he will suddenly stop, turn away as if he forgot something in his corner and then bing! bing! bing!—he is erupting again.

It is evident, too, that he has the temerity of Centerfielder, who, like Gypsy, seems to delight in taking risks. Centerfielder believes he is not fully tested across a day unless he tries to trap a drink while its owner is in the men's room. Gypsy, by his actions, believes he should give his opponent every chance to hit him. He rolls in with his arms folded by his chest and his chin exposed. He drops his hands by his side. He holds the rope with one hand, and hammers you with the other. Soon you begin to feel embarrassed for his opponent.

"I couldn't jab him," said Welterweight Champion Curtis Cokes, following his loss to Gypsy in an over-the-weight fight in the Garden this March. "He don't have a style. He just stands there and acts the monkey. I hit him a few times, but he'd just wobble and

continued

come back. He's a tough kid. They got to give me a roomful of money to fight him for the title, and there ain't enough to get me to fight him in New York."

Nevertheless, next week in Dallas, Cokes will fight Gypsy again, this time for the title. Gypsy is unbeaten in 20 fights, but Cokes, a passive workman with a good uppercut and a monotonous attack of jab, hook and right-hand counter, knows he has a big edge. He is aware that there are few fighters around today who can handle Gypsy, but he is also confident that Harris will not take the title unless he wins by an impressive margin, which is unlikely. Nobody wins big against Cokes, especially anywhere near Texas. If the title does not change hands merely because of geography, the welterweight division and boxing will have been robbed of a special brilliance and flash it can ill afford, and Gypsy's future, even though he is only 21, will be open to serious doubt. He is, unfortunately, a Philadelphia fighter, a breed that does not stay motivated long. "The Jungle," which shoves them into the gym, often lures them away much too soon.

The Jungle—250,000 Negroes in four square miles of North Philadelphia—is where many of the Philadelphia fighters are harvested. It is a bleak, fetid pocket, and each street seems to have the same smells, sights and sounds: the smell of chitlings, cabbage, stale beer and cheap wine; the click of balls floating out from inside dark pool rooms with no names, the clicking playing counterpoint to Gospel music and the sad chanting of love lost on a Saturday night. The pictures: men playing tonk and pinochle on steps, kids with door keys around their necks sparring in the streets and, as daylight hides, the black-shrouded preachers standing on corners and wailing to the sky for mercy for their brothers.

Then there are the scenes:

"Lady," asks the white news vendor, hesitantly, "you gonna buy that paper?"

"I don't know, maybe," she answers.

"Well, you've been lookin' at it 10 minutes," he says.

"You're crazy, meester, that's what you are," she says.

"Well, you started on the front page," he says, "and already you're up to Dear Abby."

"O.K., here, take the paper," she counters, feigning hurt. "I just wanted to see what the white folks are up to today."

The preacher stands on the corner, just about ready to dispatch his audience to hellfire, when a boy interrupts and says:

"Preacher man, tell us how we kin be saved?"

"Go 'way, boy," the preacher replies sharply, "you're makin' mock of the Lord."

"Hey, preacher man," says the boy, "what you got in that bag in back of you?"

"Nothin' but the Holy Bible, sinner," the man answers.

The boy pretends to leave and sneaks around the crowd and in back of the preacher. He reaches into the bag and pulls out a bottle of gin.

"Hey, preacher man, here's your Bible," the boy says, jumping in front of the man. The preacher reaches for the bottle, but the boy races down the street and the preacher is in pursuit, calling after him sorrowfully.

The Jungle, then, is what Gypsy Joe calls his turf. This is where he was born and raised and may leave only if he becomes champion, a fighter is an important man in the Jungle. "If you fight, you're somebody here," says Al Massey, a 19-year-old lightweight and stablemate of Gypsy's with a beautiful talent. "Once I saw Emile Griffith sitting all by himself in New York. I couldn't figure it out, you know. A fighter is never alone here. Somebody is always with you. Everybody wants to give you something. Gypsy doesn't own a car, but he drives one every night anyway. Gypsy is the king here. He builds a crowd wherever he goes or whatever he does."

All of them know the private places in each other's hearts. The clothes are the same, the cars are long and sleek, and the talk is always of some distant time when they will trade in all of their pain —the rope burns, cuts and headaches —for a good and happy life in which nothing is inaccessible. But the fighters all know each other, and know that in the private places there are no hidden dreams. To be big in Philadelphia is the only dream. "You don't know what it is," says Al Massey, "to walk down the street and everybody out there waves to you." Yet it does not last long. The slide begins, the end is invariable. Obscurity claims the fighter after the fragrant foxes, hearts empty and hands out, have fled, after the savagery of the gym wars has left him empty. Broadway shows open and close in Philadelphia, but so do fighters.

Gypsy is a familiar figure in the blue light of the Jungle nightclubs, but he travels alone, and his moves through the

continued

UNORTHODOX HARRIS DROPS HIS GUARD AND LEANS BACK IN FIRST COKES BOUT

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day and night are those of a phantom.

"What about Gypsy?" a guy named Mr. Strange is asked in Champ's Gym. "You know about him? Where can he be reached?"

"Man," says Mr. Strange, "have you ever heard of Peter Gunn? Well, do you know what Peter does when he goes to see Mother for information? Well, if you don't know, he reaches in his pocket and lays some paper on Mother. You got any paper? No? Well, all I can say is he's been seen."

"They say he goes through money pretty good."

"Go through money? Man, he put gasoline and a match to that paper," says Mr. Strange.

"Where does it go?" Mr. Strange is asked. "A big wardrobe?"

"Yeah, some wardrobe," he replies. "He buys his suits in places where you get three pairs of pants with each suit for $10. Go ask Willie what he does with his money. He don't know either."

Willie Reddish, a big, heavy man with mournful eyes, is sprawling in a chair in a small room next to the gym. He is sleeping. He has been waiting for Gypsy for three hours. Finally he awakes, seemingly jolted out of his slumber.

"Is that boy here yet?" Willie hollers.

"No, not yet, Willie," he is told.

"And he ain't gonna be here, either," mumbles Willie. "I don't know what I kin do to git him in here."

"Willie," says a girl, walking up to him, "Gypsy says for you to give me some money."

"I gave you some yesterday," says Willie, annoyed.

"But that was yesterday," says the girl.

"Go on, git out of here, woman," says Willie. The woman leaves, and Willie says: "Every day it's the same thing. Only the faces of the girls change."

"Do you know where he can be found, Willie?" he is asked.

"Who knows?" answers Willie. "But if you find him you tell me. He got a title fight comin' up, and he ain't hit a lick yet in this gym."

The search for Gypsy, by day, begins in the pool rooms in the Jungle. He is always in some pool room, but the proprietors have never heard of him.

"Have you seen Gypsy Joe around?" one is asked.

"Who?"

"Gypsy Joe Harris."

"I don't know anybody by that name," he says cautiously. "Now that's a mighty unusual name, and I'd remember it. Now, let me see. No, never heard of the man." All white men requesting information in the Jungle are presumed to be cops.

Gypsy Joe was finally located by accident hours later. He was walking down the street, eating a candy bar. His pockets are always jammed with candy, and the candy, along with his favorite drink of Scotch and milk, makes it extremely aggravating for him to make the weight. Eventually he will be forced to move up to the middleweight division.

"Man, I hear you been lookin' for me?" he says. "All you had to do is come by the 'partment."

"That was tried. You're never home."

"Well, let's go," he says.

The apartment, just off Columbia Avenue, is on the second floor, and it is dark and cool. "Not bad, huh?" he says. "I figure I'm movin' up in the world, so I got myself a better place." Gypsy then goes to the refrigerator, takes out some applesauce, eats it and chases it with a beer. He then sits down and stares vacantly out of the window, his eyes hidden by sunglasses.

"Gypsy, have you ever heard of Sam Langford?" he is asked.

"No, can't say that I have."

"Well, he was once a great fighter who said: 'You can sweat oat the wine, but you can't sweat oat the women.'"

"Maybe he's right," says Gypsy.

"Do you have a tough time staying out of trouble in the Jungle?"

"No, not too much," he smiles. "Mainly because I'm a coward, man. I'm scared. I been scared all my life. I was scared of my science teacher who used to hit me in the head with a book. I even became a fighter 'cause I was scared. I was about 9, and one day I knocked an ice cream cone out of a big kid's hand by accident, you know. A whole mob of them chased me. I tried every door in the block, but they were all locked. Finally, I run into the P.A.L. gym. So I see the guys boxin', and I figured I'd betta get on to some of that. I've been in the gym ever since. I'm not kiddin'. I've always been scared. That's why I carry this."

He pulls from his pocket a push-button knife with a 4½-inch blade.

"What do you call that?"

"I call that 60 years in jail," he says.

"You got to be crazy carrying that."

"Oh, I just keep it around for an equalizer. Nobody fights fair out in those streets. I only had to use it once. Once I was with my girl on my way home, and she stopped and went in this bar to get a beer. I waited in the car. It was right after a fight, and I fell asleep. My girl has my money in her purse, $168. All of a sudden she comes runnin' out and says somebody stole the money. Well, I rush in there and start to wave my sword. I line 'em all up and start searchin' 'em. I started with my girl first. You got to keep your eye on them foxes."

"Did you get mixed up in the riots in 1964?"

"No, not really," he says. "But I finally couldn't help it when I see these three men tryin' to load a refrigerator into a car. I split my sides laughin', 'cause they don't even know how to steal right. The cops came and hauled them away, and while they were bein' taken this chick jumps up on top of the refrigerator and starts screamin', 'Black men unite!' I said to myself, baby, I'm gonna unite all right, and then Gypsy started diggin' in himself. It wasn't anything worth much. Just small things. I'm just too scared to be a crook."

"Gypsy, what do you do with all the money?"

"I don't know," he says. "That paper just goes. I support three children, too, but I got to see about that. I know the first two are mine, but all I know about the third is his name is Tyrone. I don't know who he is. The happiest day in my life is gonna be when I can jam my pockets full of money and get lost where nobody kin find me."

"Is that what you're going to do if you win the title?"

"No, I'll defend it six times," he says, "and then I'll retire and open a pool room."

Soon he left the apartment. Night was falling. He was walking by a church with a store front, and inside a man was holding his hands up and bellowing. There were only four people in the church. "Man," said Gypsy, "don't they know people ain't gonna listen to what they don't wanna hear?" That night, his head moist and glistening, his white teeth flashing, he slid over a nightclub floor doing the Temptation Walk, and with each step the crowd sang: Gypsyyy. He was a long way from Sam Langford, long ago found blind and busted and alone in a Harlem room. Gypsy Joe Harris was a Philadelphia fighter, and that is a very special thing. **END**

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Wininger emptied his shag bag and Sinatra took out a shiny new 5 iron. He took a few practice swings and then addressed the ball. He swung smoothly, and the ball dribbled along the ground. The next one floated 160 down the middle.

Now Sinatra will never be club champ. And he still may skull a shot every so often. But he's getting there, cause Dino only gives him three shots a side now. And if changing to First Flight isn't the reason why, do you think Frank Sinatra would let us get away with all the things we just said about him?

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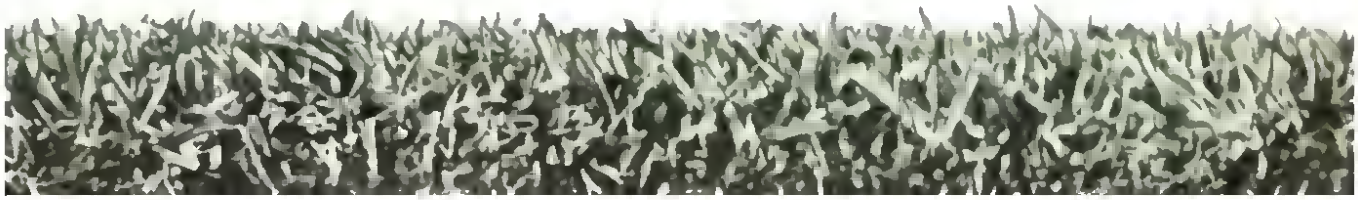
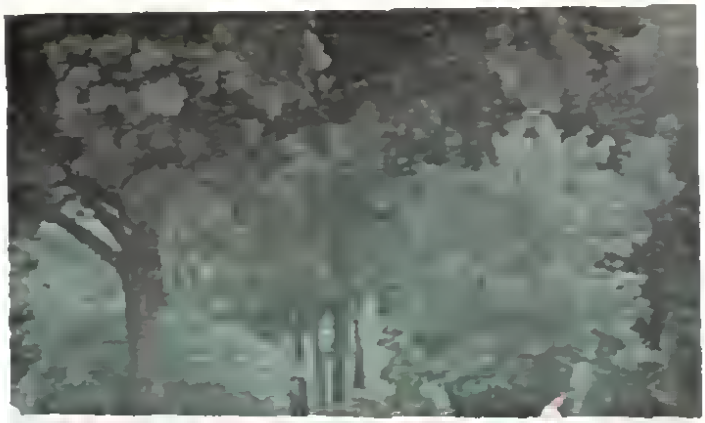
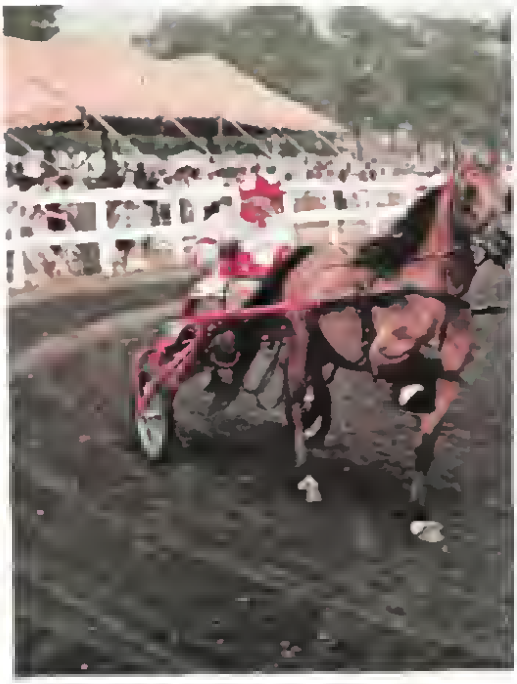


THE SUNNY SOCIABLE SHOWS OF SUMMER

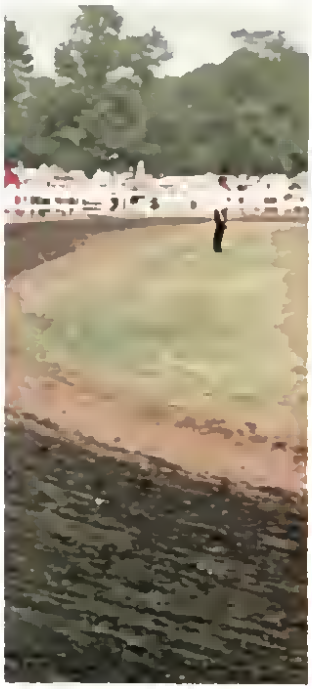
On the horse show circuit, summer brings e period of relative calm after the rich spring events, and before the championships of autumn. There is no falling off in the number of shows—indeed, there are far more like the folksy Middlesex County affair at New Brunswick, N.J. (following pages) than there are of the huge, tense, spectacular variety of other seasons. The programs are full, but the pace is leisurely and there is a feeling of intimacy among spectators end exhibitors as friends and relatives picnic with performers end then gather around to watch them in their classes. Still, competing for e ribbon is a serious matter, as reflected in the expressive face of 12-year-old Beth Wentz. Beth here receives her reserve championship rosette in the junior exhibitor's three-geited steke from Josiah Bougher, who this week will be ringmaster for the 18th time.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TRIOLO





The hunter course at Middlesex laid out by the river's edge, allows spectators to move in close to the fences and be almost a part of the extremely varied proceedings. In one brief period they saw one unfortunate horsewoman come to grief at a fence (left) while Mrs. Joseph Ferguson made a ribbon-winning ride on Vince Dugan's Tumbles Tot (lower right). A comfortable grandstand affords a good view of the pony roadster class, in which Thomas Armstrong and his bay stallion Skylark (above) won third place. Seen through a decorative screen of geraniums, junior riders (top right) sit for their examination by the judge in a horsemanship class. The busy schedule of events enhances the county-fair atmosphere and, if all these pall briefly, there is shopping on the midway for many items from circus-type novelties (left) to antiques.



Shows like Middlesex provide excellent training as well as fun for junior riders. After competing for the first time in a jumper class, 15-year-old Pamela Killebrew grins happily through her sixth-place ribbon. Kellie Nelson 12, did not win a ribbon but she showed in both the equitation and three-gaited events and she will be back at Middlesex this week as determined as she looks here.

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The First Lady toured New England last week, and if one assumes that a chair lift ride to the top of Mt. Mansfield was instructional for **Lady Bird Johnson** and her trusty Secret Service man (*below*), one should hear what an education she received the next day simply by having her dinner in Maine. Mrs. Johnson went to a clambake. She was invited to examine the Atlantic Ocean and some lobstermen pulling lobster traps out of it. She learned how a trap is opened, how it is baited, how often it is pulled, what the buoys mean and what a good lobster catch is. The preparation of a clambake was explained to her in infinite detail. Printed instructions for the consumption of a lobster lay by her plate. Verbal instructions were offered by Clambake Master William Foster and, finally, physical assistance was provided by Actor **Gary Merrill,** who got behind her and worked with both arms around her neck. If the next New Englander who turns up for a barbecue at the Johnson ranch is driven 200 miles to the back pasture before dinner and told, "This is a cow," who could blame Lady Bird?

The Cleveland Browns are due to go into training shortly and there has been some concern about Quarterback **Frank Ryan,** who is recovering from surgery on his throwing arm. Well, the Browns' management can now worry about the passing attack at group rates. **Gary Collins** was cooking up a batch of french fries last week when the oil went up in flames, the Browns' top receiver is not going to be receiving even wobbly Ryan passes for a while.

"After I got the hang of it, it wasn't so bad," said Heisman Trophy winner **Steve Spurrier** last week. "Minnie made it real easy." "Minnie" is that diva of country music, **Minnie Pearl,** and what she helped Spurrier through was a country music show in Tampa before an audience of 2,500 people. After one false start Steve settled nicely into his solo rendition of *Chug-a-Lug*. *Chug-a-Lug*, Minnie joined him for *Git Along, Cindy*, and honored him with a solo of her own, *Have I Told You Lately That I Love You?* after which the two of them led a sing-along attack on *You Are My Sunshine*. "It was a characteristic performance by Spurrier," said Tom McEwen, sports editor of *The Tampa Tribune*. Minnie Pearl was less restrained. "The sweetest man I ever saw," she said. "From time to time I have dealt with athletes. Most of them are cute and nice. Steve Spurrier is cute and nice and has aplomb."

As Father's Day approaches, let us consider **Mrs. D. Harold Byrd** of Dallas, a woman who can deal firmly with the problem of the one exquisite gift for the man who has everything. Mr. Byrd, oil millionaire, self-appointed No. 1 booster of the Texas Longhorns and one of the former owners of the old Dallas Texans, shot a lion in Zambia not too long ago. It was a perfectly good lion in all but one respect—its hairline was receding—but, balding or not, it was Mr. Byrd's lion, and he had it mounted. Shortly after it was delivered, Mr. Byrd went out of town on business and Mrs. Byrd went to the telephone to call Neiman-Marcus. She asked for someone to come out to the house to measure a lion for a toupee. "A live lion?" Neiman-Marcus is reported to have inquired, presumably so as to know which department would handle the request, and, informed that the lion was deceased, sent along Wig Expert Suzanne Robertson. Miss Robertson and Mrs. Byrd drove to the Dallas zoo, where Miss Robertson sketched lion manes and selected Dynel for the toupee. Back home again, Mrs. Byrd decided upon fishing line and Scotch tape to attach it to the lion. The whole thing was a great success. "When I came home and saw that lion there," Mr. Byrd says, "it was so gorgeous I wanted to kiss it!" A happy story all round, except that it is sad to consider that had the lion had a charge account at Neiman-Marcus it might have cut a far more dashing figure during its last years roaming the plains of Zambia.

Mrs. Clifton Daniel Jr., better known as **Margaret Truman,** made the last of her three television appearances at New York's Aqueduct track last week. She had been invited to do brief interviews before three of the season's filly races, thus hopefully drawing the attention of American women to horse racing. Mrs. Daniel has admitted modestly that she is not knowledgeable about horse racing, and meant to explore the feminine aspects of the sport, and there were a girlish few moments indeed at the track last Saturday. The interview with the wife of Jockey Bill Boland (*right*) warmed up with a few preliminary giggles. There was a brief discussion of the Boland children, during which interviewer and interviewee appeared to be on solid ground. But then it was time to talk racing. Mrs. Daniel asked Mrs. Boland if she got out to the track to watch Bill a lot. No, Mrs. Boland said. Giggles. Did Mrs. Boland know how many wins Bill had had this season? No, Mrs. Boland said. Giggles. Helpless and finally infected by it all, Sports Announcer Win Elliot found himself volunteering that Bill Boland was one of the nicest guys he knew. "It's a pleasure being married to him," Mrs. Boland said. Giggles. At one point in these proceedings a small figure passed quickly across the screen in back of the ladies. It was Bill Boland, who was not invited to stop. What on earth would *he* have to say about horse racing?

The day after Race Driver **A. J. Foyt** took the Indianapolis 500 in a car he called the Coyote, he presented the Indianapolis Zoo with, what else, a live Texas coyote that has been called, what else, A. J. "I used his name, so I guess it's only fair he uses mine," A. J. said generously, adding, "He's meaner 'n me." Well, no wonder. Texans like to move, and A. J. the coyote has been stuck in a cage all week while A. J. the driver nipped over to France to win the 24 Hours of Le Mans.

How does a little bug survive in the automotive jungle?

Inconspicuously.

It's rarely observed around gas stations. Because it doesn't often need gas. (It gets around 27 miles to a gallon.) It doesn't often need tires. (It gets around 40,000 miles to a set.) And it never goes near the water. (A Volkswagen's engine is cooled by air instead of water, which means it doesn't need anti-freeze either.)

As you can see, the care and feeding of a bug doesn't amount to much. So even though it isn't one of those real wild jungle animals, it makes an ideal house pet.

That explains how 2 little bugs who came to America in 1949 multiplied into 2,000,000.

Beware of the itchy outdoors

In summer, bird watchers, picnickers and golfers who hook tee shots all face a common danger—poison ivy, a plant that can ruin a vacation

One rare June day a golfer, whom we shall call Speedy Hands, duck-hooked a drive into the verdant rough that borders the 14th hole of a certain central Pennsylvania golf course. Following the erratic course of the tee shot, Speedy came to a small patch of woody-stemmed weeds He gingerly circumvented this herbage and, 20 yards beyond it, found his ball

What followed cannot be verified, since Speedy was obscured by underbrush from the other members of the foursome However, there were at least two results of his wilderness trip—both of them unpleasant. Speedy took a double bogey on the 14th and three days later took to his bed, his hands, arms, stomach, chest and face covered with singularly unattractive-looking, excruciatingly itchy sores, his eyes swollen shut, his head throbbing and his peace of mind absolutely destroyed.

That there was a direct connection between the duck hook and Speedy's infirmities was established when, after 10 days or so, he was up and around with his foursome again The weed patch through which his ball had rolled was definitely identified as poison ivy (*Rhus radicans*), a fact that Speedy, who had had previous disastrous experiences with this malevolent plant, claimed he had known all along "That's why I walked clear around the stuff," griped Speedy "There must have been some juice on the ball It's the only way I could have got it."

This explanation lost Speedy whatever sympathy his suffering had earned him, for the seminar immediately turned to the consideration of what Speedy was doing picking up his ball in the rough?

Except for its metaphysical aspects (was this an example of wrongdoing being immediately punished by a higher power?), Speedy's experience was not mysterious. Owing to the curious and sinister properties of poison ivy, it is quite possible, indeed probable, that Speedy's ball, hooking through the ivy, had picked up enough of the plant's "juice" (technically speaking, a phenol substance called urushiol) to have poisoned him when he, in turn, picked up the ball. Furthermore, from his hands the toxic substance could easily have been spread to other parts of the body, accounting for his general debility. What happened to Speedy is what can happen this summer to those millions of Americans—about 50% of the population—who are allergic to poison ivy and suffer from its attendant condition, rhus dermatitis

Because it is common and theoretically avoidable, and because a man with the itch is undignified, poison-ivy poisoning tends to be something of a joke affliction, comparable to slipping on a banana peel or hitting your thumb with a hammer. However, rhus dermatitis can incapacitate and disfigure, and even mild cases are irritating as the devil. The truth is that poison ivy jokes are always a lot funnier when somebody else is scratching Also it is best not to laugh too loudly, for the chances are about 3 to 1 that you may be scratching one day

As a matter of record, the first admitted victim was that notable sport, Captain John Smith Smith, writing in 1609, does not describe the circumstances in which he first encountered the noxious plant (and in those times the rule was that a gentleman never told), but he does have something to say about the results of meeting up with it. "The poisonous weed, being in shape but little different from our English yvie, but being touched causeth redness, itching and lastly blysters . . . because for a time they are somewhat painful and in aspect dangerous it hath itselfe an ill name."

This has more or less remained the story ever since. From John Smith to Speedy Hands there has been a veritable chorus which has had reason to call this plant by a variety of ill names.

Poison ivy is such a formidable outdoor antagonist partly because it is one of the sneakiest plants existent, being among other things a master at disguise. The leaves may be oblong or round, scalloped or smooth-edged, waxy or dull in texture Occasionally leaves of markedly different style will be found growing on the same stalk. Ivy may grow as a vine, from the size of a morning glory creeper to great hairy ropes that are thick as a hawser. It may spread along the ground like spurge or wintergreen, shoot up as a scrubby bush or even be found as a free-standing tree 10 feet or higher.

Ivy also grows in many places, thriving from the seashore to elevations of 6,000 feet, from beyond the Mexican and Canadian borders. About the only environmental restriction is that it does not do well where the annual rainfall is less than 10 inches.

To further complicate the problem of rhus dermatitis, it is caused not only by poison ivy but by two closely related species, poison oak (*Rhus diversiloba*) and poison sumac (*Rhus vernix*). Despite various folk tales which claim that one of the poisonous three is more potent than the others, ivy, oak and sumac are equally and uniformly wicked.

Rhus dermatitis can be contracted only if the skin comes in direct contact with the oily, resinous sap of poison ivy (and its allies), which contains urushiol. There is sap—and thus trouble to be had—in the roots, stems and leaves of the plants. It is somewhat easier to get poisoned by ivy in the spring and early summer than at other times. In those seasons the leaves and stems are tender, readily crushed and full of noxious sap. For the same reason, ivy growing in the shade is a bit more dangerous than a patch in the open, where the full sun dries the leaves to a leathery consistency. Nevertheless in every place, in every month, urushiol of undiminished potency is found in the ivy plant. A dermatologist acquaintance recalls that one winter, with the snow lying deep and crisp and even, he had a rash, so to speak, of poison ivy

continued

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cases among children from a single neighborhood. Since this is normally a slack season for the ailment and since all the victims were afflicted most seriously on the face, the curious physician decided to make a field investigation. He found that the youngsters had built a sled run at the foot of which they were braking their descent by running head first into a thicket of leafless poison ivy scrub.

From a safe distance at least the urushiol-bearing resin of the ivy plant is a chemically interesting compound. Among other things, it is very potent, tenaciously stable. It does not effervesce or evaporate easily and will just lie around the place being poisonous for as long as five years.

Another significant property of urushiol is that it is not soluble in water. This means that a skinny-dipping swimmer, for example, can tromp through an ivy patch on his way to the water, splash around for an hour or so and come out carrying as much poison as he took in with him.

Interesting and instructive as the whys and wherefores of rhus dermatitis may be to botanists, chemists and the medical profession, a far more burning question for the general public has always been what to do about the ailment. To put it mildly, there has been and still is considerable confusion and disagreement on this score. Since the days of Captain John Smith, physicians and do-it-yourself doctors, in an effort to prevent or cure ivy poison, have used a whole pharmacopoeia of compounds, including sulphuric, nitric and carbolic acids, cocaine, morphine, gunpowder, iodine, kerosene and alcohol. The Indians chewed goldenrod roots and rubbed the resulting paste on the rash. Since then itching people have chewed, drunk, eaten and rubbed on all manner of things in a desperate effort to find relief. Some of the more interesting items are preparations of lard, butter, buttermilk, cream and marshmallows, elder, white oak, bloodroot, cottonwood, fern, foxglove, nettle, wormwood and jewel weed. All of the concoctions are apparently equally good since all are ineffective.

Modern attempts to build up an immunity against the ivy poison are based on the theory of protection through exposure, and chemically pure, measurable quantities of urushiol extract rather than the whole plant are used. The extract can

continued

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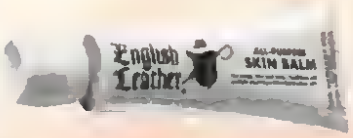

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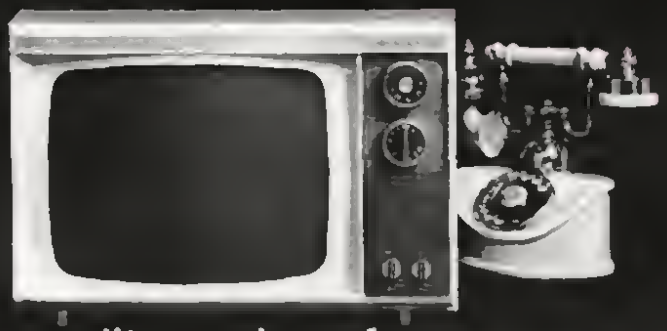

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be taken orally or injected subcutaneously, but many physicians remain leery of the latter method.

"To be effective and safe the injections must be given over an extended period of time—several months. For the patient it is a long and relatively expensive process, and there is no absolute guarantee that it will give protection in every case." So says Dr. Peter Horvath, Chief of Dermatology of the Georgetown University School of Medicine and a practicing Washington physician. Dr. Horvath not only has a considerable professional practice in treating rhus dermatitis, but he is a camper and outdoorsman who happens to be allergic to the plant. Horvath is also a weekend yachtsman and, from the mizzen of his sloop, he flies a personal flag, a white square of canvas emblazoned with a poison ivy leaf. "It seemed," he explains, "like a good emblem for a dermatologist. What else would I put on? A jar of ointment?"

For his own patients Dr Horvath prescribes oral doses of urushiol extract to build up immunity. "We start at minimum level and work up. It is a do-it-yourself process, but it works well for an intelligent patient, who learns how much he can tolerate without showing symptoms of the rash. I feel it is safer than injections, less expensive and less bother."

Immunization aside, one of the best preventive measures is the old one of washing all over with stroog soap after exposure. However, the scrubbing must be thorough and rough in light of the adhesive qualities of the poison ivy sap. (Neither laundry soap nor most of the other preparations used for this purpose neutralize the toxic substance after contact so much as they remove it mechanically.) Also the washing must be done quickly. In most cases the poison is absorbed through the skin within 30 minutes, reaching the subsurface area, where it is immune to scrubhing and where the itching commences.

In the midst of all this confusion and uncertainty about the appearance of poison ivy, what it does to people and what they can do about it, there remains one bit of advice that is specific, clear and absolutely reliable It is, "Leaves of three, let it be." The outdoorsman who values his skin can do no better than keep the old couplet firmly in mind. That, and of course he should also remember never, never to try to improve his lie in the rough with his bare hands. **END**

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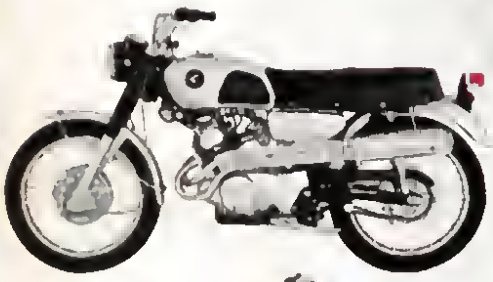

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BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

One way of filching a hand in The Flitch

London holds a husband-and-wife championship, and the winners, not surprisingly, are newlyweds

A few months back Richard Anthony Priday lost his claim to the title of London's most eligible bridge bachelor, and shortly thereafter he and his bride, the former Jane Juan, won The Flitch. Though it sounds vaguely bizarre, The Flitch is an appropriate name for a most unusual tournament. A flitch is a side of bacon, and that was the traditional prize awarded by the town of Dunmow in West Essex to its most happily married couple. When the London Bridge Association established a bridge championship for husband-and-wife pairs, it decided to name it The Flitch.

Since they were still virtually on their honeymoon, the newlywed Pridays may have been the happiest married couple to play in this year's Flitch, but that is not necessarily the reason they won the event. The fact is that there probably has not been a more formidable husband-and-wife partnership since the days of Ely and Josephine Culbertson.

Priday, a bridge columnist for the London *Sunday Telegraph*, was on the British team that won the European Championship in 1961 and played in the World Championship in New York in 1962. Jane currently holds two world titles—the Women's Team Olympiad, won in New York in 1964, and the Women's World Pairs, won last spring in Amsterdam. She is also a member of the current women's European championship team.

Even before they married, Tony and Jane had developed a very successful bridge partnership. The true test of such a partnership is how it cooperates on defense. To fully appreciate what they did to the declarer in this hand, put yourself in South's seat and cover the East-West cards.

The bidding was standard. South had a 16-point, 4-3-3-3 hand. North added 12 points with the same balanced distribution. But sometimes the flat distribution that is recommended for no-trump contracts fails to produce the nec-

Neither side vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH
♠ J 8 3
♥ A J 6
♦ K 7 4
♣ K 10 6 3

WEST
♠ K 10 7 6 2
♥ 9 4 2
♦ Q 9 3
♣ J 5

EAST
♠ A 4
♥ 10 8 5 3
♦ 10 8 6 2
♣ Q 9 8

SOUTH
♠ Q 9 5
♥ K Q 7
♦ A J 5
♣ A 7 4 2

SOUTH	WEST (*Tony*)	NORTH	EAST (*Jane*)
1 N.T	PASS	3 N.T.	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead 6 of spades

essary nine tricks, even with more than the recommended 26 high-card points. Such was the case here, largely because of the excellent defense.

Jane won the first spade trick with the ace and returned the 4. Tony won this trick with the king and led a third round, East discarding the 3 of hearts. With eight tricks in top cards, declarer played a low club, planning to set up a ninth trick while trying to keep West from getting the lead. He intended to cover West's card with the 6 or 10 as necessary, but Tony foiled that by playing the jack of clubs. Declarer now had to win the trick with dummy's king. Dummy's club 10 was returned, again with the intention of ducking the trick if East covered. But Jane played the 9 of clubs under the 10, a move that seemed impossible unless she did not have the queen because, with the 10 led, covering with the queen would insure a trick for the 9-spot.

So South, sure that West held the club queen, went up with the club ace. When the queen failed to drop he fell back on the diamond finesse as his best chance for a ninth trick. But the queen captured the jack of diamonds and Tony cashed two more spade tricks to set the contract.

Now take your thumbs off the East-West hands and see for yourself the swindle that Tony and Jane perpetrated on poor South. Tony had made the fine play of the club jack, without which the contract would have been easy. And Jane had made the remarkable move of refusing to cover the 10 of clubs, having calculated that if she did so, declarer would surely make the hand. No wonder they decided on marriage. **END**

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An amateur bad boy turns pro perfectionist

As the top-ranked U.S. tennis player, Dennis Ralston often substituted petulance for performance on the courts. Now, as the newest star of the professional troupe, he shows promise of becoming a real champion

For six months now, Dennis Ralston, the onetime bad boy of amateur tennis, has been a pro—a pro in more senses than one. Dennis the Menace signed with the International Professional Tennis Association (the descendant of Jack Kramer's old group) last December at $70,000 for two years, and since then his adjectival description has altered both in quality and quantity. Where once he was called "brash," "cheeky," "spoiled" and "petulant," he is now characterized merely as "grim" and "perfectionist."

In New York last week for the $25,000 Madison Square Garden Invitation Tournament, the 10th stop on a 19-city tour the suddenly prosperous pros are making in North America this year, Ralston brushed aside any suggestion that he has turned over a new leaf, but the evidence is there.

"I haven't changed much since I turned pro," Dennis said. "I'm pretty much like I always was, except that my game has improved, which was a natural thing to expect, I admit," he went on, "that I did some things that were—well, stupid. But every time I stepped on the court people expected me to win. Sure, I was No. 1 in the amateur rankings, but tennis just doesn't work that way. For instance, I lost to Fred Stolle at Forest Hills last year. Well, he was serving great and playing sensational tennis. Every time I lost it was a national disaster, but nobody said anything about the big matches I won.

"You know," Ralston continued, referring to last week's quarter-final match with Pierre Barthes at the Garden, "I was thinking about this whole thing when I was playing Pierre. He was serving well and swinging from the heels, and we had a close, tough match. About halfway through it I could just see the headline if I lost: RALSTON UPSET AGAIN. Well, I said to hell with it and decided right there to forget all about it."

Perhaps because of this new maturity, Ralston has had more success as a professional than he ever had as an amateur. "I didn't know if I could play with these guys when I first started," he admitted. "I was scared. All I wanted to do was survive."

That he has done and more. His contract does not include a bonus, he must play for every dollar he earns. He is currently ranked third behind Rod Laver and Ken Rosewall, and he has a winning record against everybody on the tour except Laver. In Australia, when he made his professional debut at Toowoomba, he lost to fellow rookie Fred Stolle but came back the following week in Sydney to beat Stolle and Rosewall in succession, the latter in straight sets, 6–3, 9–7. At that point Pancho Gonzalez, once the best on the courts and Ralston's unofficial coach, told him, "You can play with these guys." And so he has. At the finish of last week's tournament he was second only to Laver in total earnings, having collected approximately $21,000.

Ralston's good play hasn't surprised everyone. Mal Anderson, for eight years a journeyman pro, said, "I looked at this guy—never saw him play as an amateur—and I said to myself, 'My God, why didn't this guy ever win a major championship?' "

Rosewall agreed. "He's got everything to become a great player," said the diminutive Aussie. "Size, strength, power and good strokes."

In New York Ralston played excellent tennis with only occasional lapses. He defeated Luis Ayala and Barthes in straight sets before Laver beat him in the semifinals. (Laver then defeated Rosewall for his eighth win on the North American portion of the tour.) In short, Ralston appears to have everything necessary to become the dominant professional in a year or two. He is already one of the tour's most colorful personalities. He still scowls on the court, but his only audible complaint is an occasional "gawdammit" as in "Gawdammit, hit the ball!" The crowds, surprisingly, are very partisan in his favor. When he walks on the court or changes sides after the odd game, they clap and cheer—quite wildly for a tennis crowd. They also root for Laver and Rosewall and occasionally Stolle, but it's not the same. Those three receive applause because of their play, not because of their stage presence. Ralston draws cheers on personality alone. The Menace is becoming a hero. END

YOUNG RALSTON TALKS ABOUT THE PAST

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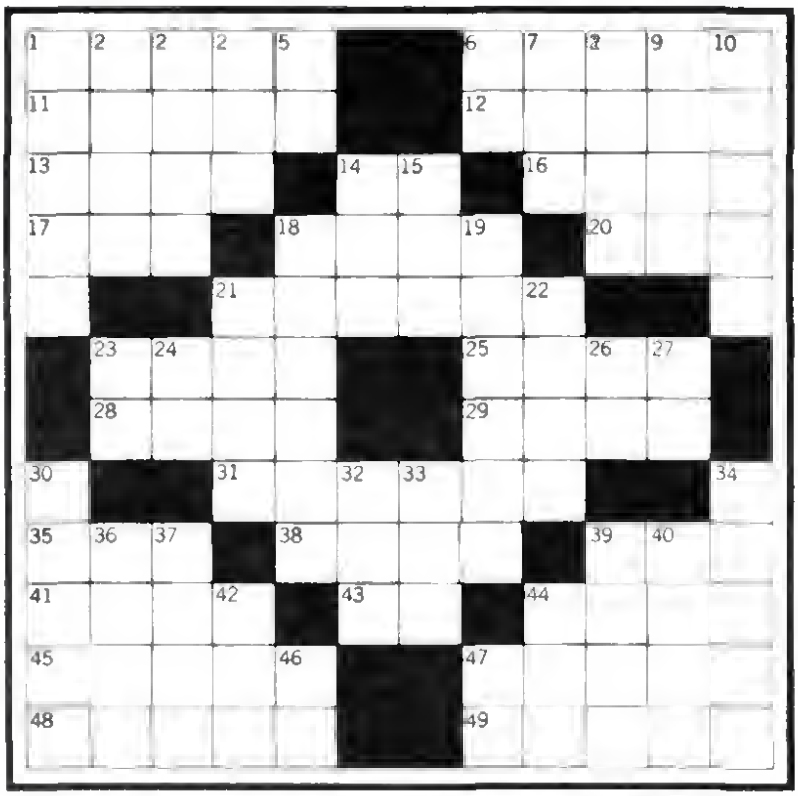

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21 Railway stations
23 Sherlock Holmes' Baker St. address
25. Girl's name
28 How many Arabian nights?
29 Metal
31 Bends over
35 A limb
38 Hurt
39 Female deer
41 To judge
43 LXX
44 The Jones and the Sawyer boy
45 Mr. Stevenson
47 A flat cap for men or women
48 Cowboy circus
49 Baked, lima, or jelly___

DOWN

1 White bear
2 Second-hand
3 Sergeants
4 Tin container
5 Sixty minutes (Abbr.)
6 U. S. State (Abbr.)
7 Annoy
8 First man
9 To allot
10 Girl's name
14 Soft drink
15 Into the valley of death rode the___
18 Entries of debt
19 Privates have one
21 God (Spanish)
22 Gentlemen
23 Voting age
24 XX
26 Preposition
27 In grammar, an article
30 Electronic eye
32 Killer's license number
33 Gold (Spanish)
34 Lies down
36 Do over
37 Canasta term
39 The dumb girl
40 A portent
42 Girl's name
44 Golf term
46 Downing St. address
47 Ammunition for toy gun

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BASEBALL / *William Leggett*

New kind of numbers game

Maybe you think you're up to date on all the latest statistics, but what do you say when your Little Leaguer asks you about killers and gamers?

Come a little closer and let me tell you about George Brunet. George is 32 and has been pitching professionally for 14 seasons. He has worn 22 different uniforms, and that should tell you a little something about the guy. Brunet has been paid to pitch in places that only Doc Kearns ever heard of before: Shelby, Hot Springs, Abilene, Crowley, Seminole, Columbia—places like that. George once said that his three kids never stayed in one school long enough to learn the teacher's name. But George's life has been a bit more stable recently: he has been with one team, the Angels, for four seasons. And that may be because he has something special working for him now, something he demonstrated again last Friday night in Anaheim.

Perhaps you remember when certain pitchers built reputations as Yankee-killers. Frank Lary was the best known, but there were others, like Ellis Kinder and Willard Nixon. George Brunet is a Tiger-killer. The Detroit Tigers whimper like kittens when they hear George's name mentioned. He has lost to them only twice in his career. He beat them opening day this year, then lost nine straight (once, unbelievably, to Detroit when an Angel outfielder dropped a fly ball). Yet when his name appeared in the papers Friday under Probable Pitchers, gamblers from La Habra to Redondo Beach hastened to their phones to call their bookmakers. "Betting California," they said, "*if* Brunet." George walked to the mound in Anaheim and threw a three-hit shutout against the league-leading Tigers, probably warding off another change of uniform in yet one more obscure town.

There are several killers currently at work in the major leagues, and their magic over certain teams has held up splendidly this season. Larry Jackson of the Phillies has had a discouraging year, and his record of 3-6 has not been entirely helpful to the Phils, but twice he has been allowed to pitch against his old friends, the Mets, thereby acquiring two victories. Dave Wickersham of Detroit suffered through spring training, was unhappy that he was not being counted on as a starter and, to tell the truth, simply was not pitching too well. But Wickersham is a Twin-killer. All he needs is to stand on Hennepin Avenue in Minneapolis, breathe in the chill northern wind, and he becomes Paul Bunyan. He pitched in relief against the Twins, the Minnesotas blew a double play, and there was Wickersham with the win, his first of the season. Then there are—well, look at the career records (*below*) of the top seven killers currently at work in each league. (Juan Marichal's 19-0 against the Mets is asterisked because that is a gross mismatch and should not be counted.)

Killer listings are a new statistic in baseball, and so are gamers. Gamers are

continued

AMERICAN LEAGUE PITCHER	VS	RECORD	PCT
Brunet, Cal	Det	8-2	800
Wilson, Det	Balt	14-5	.737
Stange, Bos	Balt	11-4	.733
Perry, Minn	Bos	20-8	.714
Wickersham, Det	Minn	17-7	.708
Pascual, Wash	Cal	12-5	.706
Grant, Minn	Bos	19-9	.679

NATIONAL LEAGUE PITCHER	VS	RECORD	PCT
*Marichal, SF	NY	19-0	1 000
Jackson, Phil	NY	17-0	1 000
Jaster, StL	LA	6-0	1 000
Gibson, StL	NY	16-3	.842
Giusti, Hou	Chi	8-2	.800
Simmons, Chi	Phil	19-5	.792
Shaw, NY	Hou	12-4	.750
Short, Phil	LA	18-8	692

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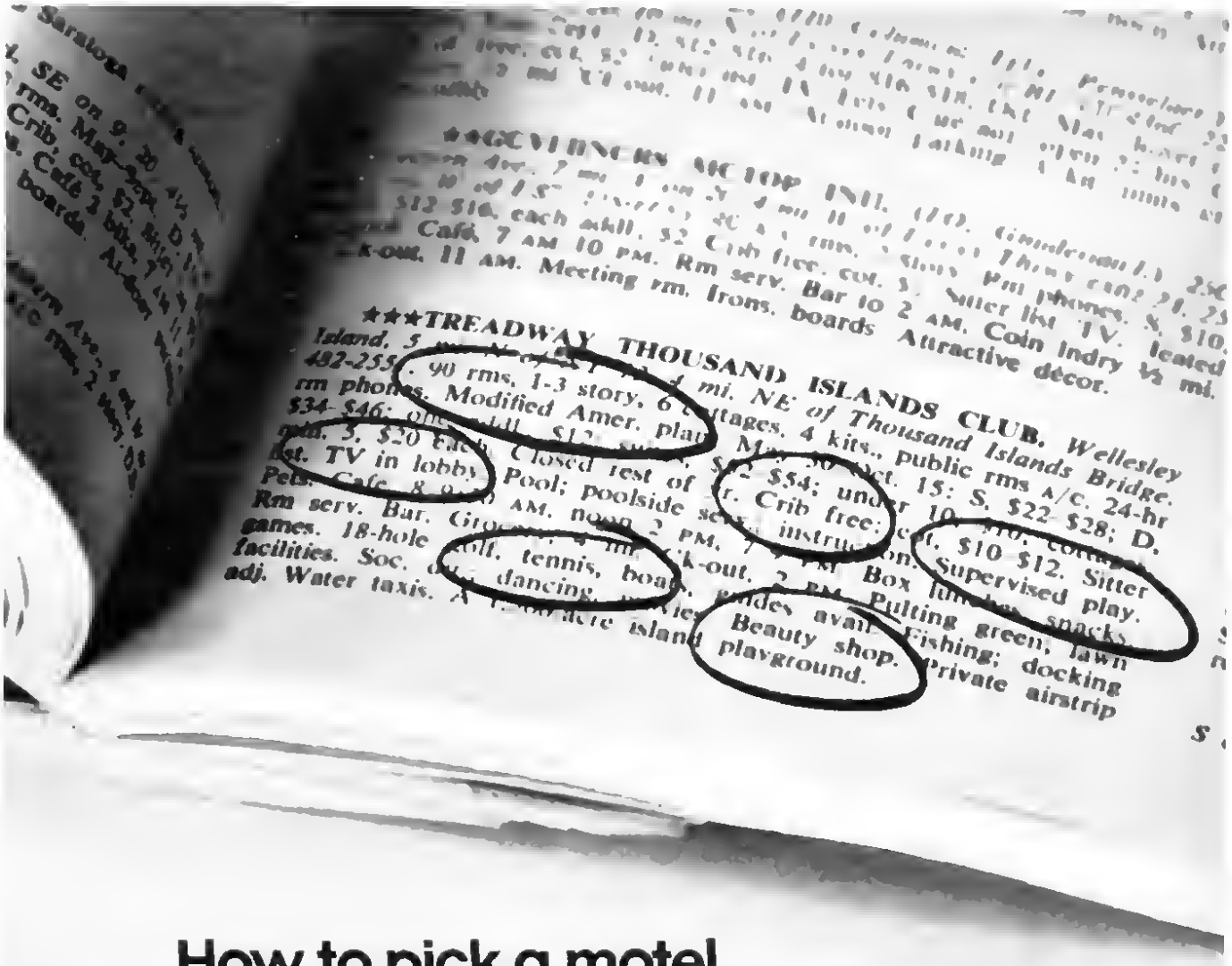
what the players call game-winning hits. One of this year's surprises has been the resurgence of the Yankees, both in attendance and performance. Much of the stimulus for both is Mickey Mantle, the man everyone said would not be able to play first base. But Mickey has been in more games than anyone else on the Yankee roster, and he has come through with five gamers so far (*below*).

AMERICAN LEAGUE		NATIONAL LEAGUE	
Mantle, NY	5	Clendenon, Pitt	5
Hansen, Chi	4	Perez, Cinn	5
Kaline, Det	4	Haller, SF	4
Agee, Chi	3	Pinson, Cin	4
Horton, Det	3	Torre, Atl	4
Pepitone, NY	3	Lefebvre, LA	4
F. Robinson, Balt	3	Brock, St L.	3
Scott, Bos	3	Brown, SF	3
Versalles, Minn	3	Callison, Phil	3
Wagner, Clev	3	Hunt, LA	3
Allison, Minn	3	Shannon, St L.	3

Downtown Brown, too, is big on gamers. Downtown is what the players call Ollie Brown of the Giants, because that's where he hits them. Ollie is a 23-year-old outfielder of enormous potential and almost unlimited gifts; he also has a few faults, one of which is not being able to hit the curve ball. In 1963 Ollie pitched a no-hitter for Decatur in the Midwest League, and one season later hit 40 home runs and drove in 133 for Fresno in the California League. A few weeks ago in a game against Houston, Brown was hit in the face with a pitched ball thrown by Claude Raymond and had to be taken to a hospital to have lacerations on his cheek and lips taken care of. Two days later Ollie was in the lineup against the Astros again. In the ninth inning, with the Giants behind 3–2 and one man on, Brown came to bat. Who was pitching? Claude Raymond. What happened on the first pitch? Downtown, baby. Ollie had another gamer.

Some baseball people put a lot of faith in gamers. Others insist they have little importance as a statistic. In any tight game, the argument goes, a ground ball to the right side that moves the base runner from second base to third is fully as important as the fly ball that scores the man from third with the winning run. Nevertheless, a study of gamers through 1965 and 1966 and thus far in 1967 (as compiled by Gamer Expert Irv Greenberg of Philadelphia) is fascinating read-

continued



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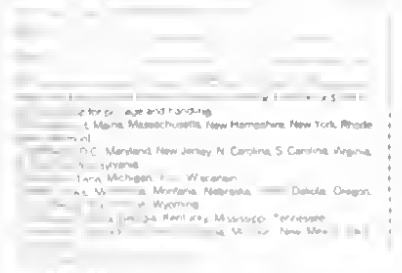

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1967 ratings: food, lodging, sightseeing

ing. Some mighty big names are missing; some relatively unknown names loom big. Look at the chart below that lists the two dozen major leaguers who have driven in the most game-winning runs since Opening Day 1965.

Mantle, with 15, just misses the list, and can be excused because of his frequent absences from the lineup with injuries, but where in the world are Henry Aaron, Felipe Alou and Rico Carty of the Braves, Carl Yastrzemski and Tony Conigliaro of the Red Sox, Al Kaline, Tony Oliva, Deron Johnson, John Callison? Apparently, some hitters drive in runs early while others flourish in late innings, when game-winning runs are more apt to be scored. For instance, the league-leading Cincinnati Reds are playing an exceptional number of one-run games this year (almost half their games have been won or lost by one run), and they played their first 25 at a pennant-winning .600 pace (15-10). Last year they had the worst percentage in the league (.408) in one-run games and finished seventh, but note the batting figures of Cincinnati's four key hitters in the *last three* innings of games this year. Early in June Pete Rose, whose overall percentage was .332, had a still-solid .286 in the last three innings, and Deron Johnson (.296) went up to .353, Tony Perez (.302) went up to .353 and Vada Pinson (.281) all the way to .438. In other words, the Reds are now coming through in the late innings of tight ball games.

The Cardinals have presented the most sustained challenge to the Reds so far—which is interesting because the Cards, who scored fewer runs than any other team in the National League last year, are doing it on hitting, with a league-leading team batting average that is eight points better than the supposedly hot-bat Pirates. Even more important, the Cardinals are driving in runs this time, taking particular advantage of those opportunities when base runners are in scoring position on second and third. Lou Brock is the leader of the St. Louis revolution. At the time these figures were compiled, he had come to bat with 62 opportunities to drive in teammates from second and third and had come through 38 times, for a run-scoring percentage of .613. Mike Shannon, up fewer times, had only 40 such opportunities but delivered 23 times for a .575 run-scoring percentage. Bobby Tolan, a part-time player, drove in runs 14 times in 22 opportunities for .636, and two full-time operatives, Orlando Cepeda and Tim McCarver, also had come through at or above .500, a high rate of consistency in run-scoring situations.

Brock, of course, is the most impressively improved Cardinal hitter. By June 10 he had 13 home runs and 38 runs batted in, he needed only two more homers and eight RBIs the rest of the season to equal his 1966 season totals.

There have been equally startling form reversals in the American League. At this time a year ago six starting pitchers—Dean Chance of Minnesota, Jim Lonborg of Boston, Earl Wilson and Joe Sparma of Detroit, Steve Hargan of Cleveland and Joe Horlen of Chicago—had a combined won-lost record of 16-27. Now they are 44-13. Lonborg and his Red Sox teammates have New England aquiver, and there is a distinct chance that Boston will have three men in the starting lineup for the All-Star Game (Lonborg, Shortstop Rico Petrocelli and Left Fielder Carl Yastrzemski). Boston up there in the first division is news enough, but the statistic that really reveals the way the Red Sox are playing is the club's 28 stolen bases. In all of 1966 it had only 35.

Finally, in the other direction to some extent, is the situation in Baltimore. The World Champion Orioles are barely over .500 and their pitching is usually blamed for that. But take a look at Brooks Robinson's comparative figures. In his first 50 games of 1966, when he was driving Frank Robinson across the plate almost every time you looked up, Brooks was batting .301 with eight homers and 45 RBIs. This year, after 50 games, his average was .242, he had six home runs and a pitiful 16 runs batted in.

On the other hand, Frank keeps rolling along. Last year after 50 games he was leading the league in hitting (.351) and home runs (14) but was far behind in RBIs (28). After 50 games this year he was first in all three departments (.333 average, 17 homers, 51 RBIs). Only 10 men have won the Triple Crown. Only two—Rogers Hornsby and Ted Williams—won it twice. No one, up to now, ever won it two years in succession. Make room in the Hall of Fame. **END**

THE MEN WHO WIN GAMES (1965-67)

PLAYER	AVG.	WINNING HRs	WINNING HITS	OTHER GAMERS	TOTAL
Jim Lefebvre, LA	.267	3	16	6	25
Fred Whitfield, Clev	.260	12	9	2	23
Willie Mays, SF	.303	14	7	0	21
Richie Allen, Phil	.308	13	7	0	20
Boog Powell, Balt	.267	13	5	1	19
Brooks Robinson, Balt	.277	6	11	2	19
Willie Stargell, Pitt	.282	11	5	3	19
Bob Aspromonte, Hou	.257	2	15	1	18
Norm Cash, Det	.270	8	9	1	18
Frank Robinson, Cin-Balt	.311	12	6	0	18
Roberto Clemente, Pitt	.321	7	9	1	17
Rocky Colavito, Clev	.261	9	8	0	17
Willie Horton, Det	.269	10	6	1	17
Harmon Killebrew, Minn	.279	8	6	3	17
Willie McCovey, SF	.280	14	2	1	17
Tony Perez, Cin	.272	8	7	2	17
Joe Torre, Atl	.307	9	8	0	17
Donn Clendenon, Pitt	.293	5	8	3	16
Curt Flood, StL	.292	4	11	1	16
Lou Johnson, LA	.266	9	6	1	16
Ron Santo, Chi	.289	9	5	2	16
Rusty Staub, Hou	.280	3	10	3	16
Leon Wagner, Clev	.279	11	2	3	16
Billy Williams, Chi	.299	7	8	1	16

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The straight-talk tire people.

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BY JOHN UNDERWOOD

DAUNTLESS DAVE

He never swung a club until he was 28, and he can't really play a lick today, but this has not kept Houston's irrepressible Dave Williams from becoming the biggest man in college golf

In his dreams Dave Williams was always Coach. Coach Dave Williams from the little blackland farm town of Randolph, Texas, who went away to find sweet success at the big university. His real name was Glenwood Williams but his uncle said that was no kind of name to load on a child and made them change it to David G., and in time people dropped the Glenwood. Dave Williams saw himself as the raw material for another Dana X. Bible. Or a Bear Bryant. He would have loved to have been Bear Bryant. He had played all the sports. He was even a star of medium dimension in some of them, and he told his brothers Noble and Clovis—uncle had not rescued them—that he was straight out going to be a coach. But it did not happen that way. David Williams got sidetracked early in life by commonplace needs, and he wound up teaching engineering. He was 28 years old and he was settled in the business of ramming thermodynamics into the heads of students at the University of Houston when he and Noble set about looking for something athletic to do, something to keep the abdomen hard and the arteries soft.

"I said to Noble, 'Noble, we can't play football or basketball anymore, but we've been in athletics all our lives, we gotta find something,' and we found a set of old golf clubs out in Clovis' garage. Golf was one sport I'd never tried. Never had a club in my hand. We didn't even know where to get balls. We went to this auto supply store and they had some. Two dollars a dozen. No telling what kind they were. And the place we picked to play was Glenbrook. Of all places to play, we picked Glenbrook."

The Glenbrook Municipal Golf Course is the Venice of Houston. They should hold regattas on it instead of golf tournaments. Canals and creeks run all through it. Before noon they had lost two dozen balls, and those they had not lost they had grievously wounded.

"I said to Noble, 'I don't believe we can afford this game.' Noble looks after his money pretty good. That's why he's got some now and I haven't. But we got more balls and went out again after lunch.

"We got around to the 6th hole, a dogleg right at Glenbrook, and we only had a few balls left. Noble hooked one in the water. 'Dadgummit, I'm going to hit another,' he said, and he hit another in the water, and another. 'I got one ball left. What's my score?' I said about 10. He put the ball down and got out his putter and began punching the ball up the fairway and counting. '11 . . . 12 . . . 13 . . .' I got down on the ground and rolled in the grass laughing. He took 24 shots, and when he got it in the cup he said, 'That's it. Goodby. That's all I'm going to play,' and he hasn't played since."

Dave Williams kept playing. He was on the course at 7 every morning and he played until his first class at 11. He tried every grip he saw—one finger over, two fingers over, three fingers, the baseball grip. He had learned to play the guitar watching other people make chords, and now he watched golfers. He got so he could shoot a 95. Then he started playing with the Houston athletic director, a man named Harry Fouke, who liked him and was amazed at how much he knew about athletics. Fouke is a friendly man. He introduced Dave to "robins," a system of friendly golf-wagering for friendly golfers. Harry Fouke and the two other coaches that played in the group could shoot 75s, and when Dave arrived home his wife Ginny would say, "What happened to all your money?" and Dave would say, "Well, greens fees are pretty steep and I had to buy some gas."

But one day Dave shot a 74 and he won, and the next day he shot another 74 and won some more, and Harry Fouke, who was a busy man and had been coaching the University of Houston golf team on the side, said, "Dave, *continued*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LYNN PELHAM

old boy, how would you like to be the golf coach? The University of Houston golf coach?"

"What do I have to do?"

"Go out and pass out some balls and tell the boys to get after it. That's all."

"O K. All right. Yes, I'll do it."

Boy, wait till Noble hears about this. I been wanting to coach all my life and when I finally make it, what do I wind up coaching? Golf.

This was in 1951 and the Houston golf coaching job was not a high-pay position. It did not pay anything. Volunteer work, like the Boy Scouts. The team, circumstantially, had lost 25 matches in a row. It had two scholarships. The football team had 50 or so. American universities do not get very reckless with their golf budgets. But Dave Williams did not care about the no money. He had a steady $350 a month coming in from his teaching job and no ambition to become a millionaire. To coach, that was the thing.

The team had one more match to play that season, against Lamar Tech, and Athletic Director Fouke took Golf Coach-elect Williams out for the match. He said, "Boys, this is your new coach." He told Dave to come along with him and they would play behind the team, which was the custom.

"I said, 'No, thank you, Mr. Fouke. If I'm going to be their coach I'm going to watch 'em play.' And I watched 'em real hard. I was interested. And they won. It was an accident. I didn't say a word the whole match. But I was there and they won. And I can tell you right now every shot those kids hit that day. They were my people.

"So we had this spring sports banquet, and they asked me to get up and say something, and I was choking and I didn't know what to say. They announced me, and I said, 'We're going to win the national championship.' Everybody laughed. Boy, that was the biggest joke of the year. The school was new in athletics then. We'd never gone for a national championship in anything. I was choking and I just blurted it out. 'We're going to win the national championship.' The golf team wasn't even playing in the NCAA. They started calling me National Championship Williams."

The University of Houston is a young school that did not compete in any intercollegiate athletics until 1946. It now has a trophy room in the athletic department offices, at the center, or heart, of the building, and the trophy room knocks the eye out. Small spotlights probe the cases and illuminate the contents. Great big silver trophies, and bigger ones still, and little gold ones and plaques and plates and loving cups. The great majority of them are golf trophies that have been won since 1955. Nine of them are national championship (NCAA) golf trophies, the mother lode of National Championship Williams. If it were not for the golf trophies, the Houston trophy room would be an immoderation, like having a big garage without owning a car.

At the athletic dormitory, called Baldwin House, which is right next door to the girls' dormitory and therefore a very popular place to spend an afternoon, the boys play cutthroat table tennis in a large room where the walls are covered with giant blowups of Houston's nine championship teams and its 16 All-America golfers, many of whom are now making big money on the professional tour—Homero Blancas, Jacky Cupit, Phil Rodgers, Kermit Zarley, Rex Baxter, Babe Hiskey. Those of this group who did not make the wall in the rec room are out in the lobby, hung with care, as if they were Tudor princes or football stars.

On each of his frequent trips to these archives of success, Coach Dave Williams, that enthusiastic man, seems to see them for the first time, or to spot some nugget previously overlooked. He snaps his fingers. Hey, did you see this? Isn't this something? The athletic director did not want him to put the pictures up, but Dave Williams is a pretty good talker. They are not objects of pride, he said, they are objects of incentive.

"Kermit Zarley went over there one day as a sophomore. He wasn't making the team and he was going to quit. He said he looked at those pictures for two hours, read all the captions. 'Someday,' he said, 'my picture is going to be up there,' and he didn't quit and last year he made $46,000 on the tour. Pretty good for an old country boy just out of college. I'd like to have it. Hey, see here, that's old Kermit. Attaboy, Kerm."

Dave said he remembered the first trophy the team won. It was 1955. The year before he had gone to the Houston Golf Association and talked them into donating a $250 trophy for the school championship, "and everybody around here said that damn Williams can't win anything, so he has to have a great big trophy for his own team, and they were right, because I was looking for something to make the boys know that golf was a big thing, that it was big in their lives. Then in '55 we went out to the Border Olympics in Laredo and we beat North Texas State by two strokes and Oklahoma State. First time we'd ever beaten either one in a tournament. It was like beating the Yankees and Notre Dame. Then we went to Odessa for the West Texas Relays, and we had the lead on the final day. It came up 26° and we had to play the last nine holes in a dust storm. You couldn't see 30 yards, and finally the other teams conceded to us. We had to have that trophy. Boy, we had to have it."

Dave Williams' office is around toward the back of the athletic department building. He does not appear on the lobby directory as golf coach but as "Dave Williams, Cougar Club." The Cougar Club is a boosters' group ($10 membership) of the athletic department, and he is the ramrod. That's what he's paid for by the university—maybe $10,000 a year, maybe less—to be golf coach and Cougar Club chief. He does not appear to mind the slight to his golf that the directory in the lobby implies. On his way around he sticks his head in and out of offices to say hello or maybe introduce this coach or that one to a visitor. "I

The Williams family, Ginni, Peggy, and Joel, hears from the coach on the lawn of its modest home near the Houston campus

want you to meet Guy Lewis, the greatest basketball coach in America. This is Ben Hurt, the greatest line coach in America." They respond cordially.

Williams is a big man who has gone portly and gray at 48. If he wants to see anything he wears glasses. One year his golfers refused to let him drive to tournaments unless he wore the glasses because he had stopped at an intersection in a little town in New Mexico to ask directions of a yellow wooden traffic policeman. As a young man he cut a handsome figure in his naval officer's uniform. Now he is jowly and more friendly-looking than handsome, like a St. Bernard. He is unfailingly courteous. He smiles a lot. He is incorrigibly enthusiastic.

"This is the greatest athletic program in America," he says, "and it is the greatest university. If a student doesn't think so he shouldn't be here. And, listen, there isn't a better city to live in than Houston."

On his office wall there is a small plaque, "Mr. College Golf," and a framed copy of a story in *Golf Digest* written by one of his former golfers, Jim Hiskey, telling how much his players adore Coach Dave Williams. The walls groan with their burden: more pictures, framed clippings, an ectype of *Romans 12* ("Positively the greatest chapter in the Bible. Tells you exactly how to live") and a prayer that begins, "Oh, God, in the game of life you know that though most of us are duffers we all aspire to be champions with plenty of birdies and eagles. . . ."

"My wife doesn't like pictures on the walls, but I do," Williams explains. "I keep scrapbooks. I have a stack of scrapbooks. I keep everything in there, letters and little clippings and things. I'm just that way. Hey, look at this." It is a cartoon of Homero Blancas from Ripley's *Believe It or Not*. Dave Williams adjusts his glasses. "Did I tell you about this? A lot of the team was playing at the Premier Invitation in Longview in 1962. Fred Marti was leading by six strokes on the last day. What a team we had that year! Homero and Fred and Kermit and Wright Garrett and Mark Hopkins. Anyway, Fred had this six-stroke lead with 18 to go, and his dad called to find out how the tournament ended. 'I lost by five strokes,' Fred said. 'You lost by five strokes? What did you shoot, 100?' 'No sir, a 66.' 'A six-ty-six?' 'Yessir, a 66. Homero shot a fif-ty-five!' And there it is, believe it or not. A record round of golf. A 55. I didn't see it myself. Didn't have the money to go."

In his office Dave Williams is a man of action. The telephone grows to his ear. He does all his own publicity, pounding through the paper with emphatic blows on the typewriter. Last April he put out a 36-page brochure for his golf tournament, the All-America Intercollegiate Invitation. Technically it is the university's tournament, but it is really Dave Williams'. It is, he admits, the most exciting tournament in America. Lots of trophies, a beauty queen, bunting and banners and cheering students and a big, fancy banquet with Morris Frank of the *Houston Chronicle* telling all of the latest ethnic jokes. He pounds out letters to magazine editors suggesting stories that might be done about the program—("It will be the best or nearly the best ever. In fact, it will be the best"). He wrote a book, *How to Coach and Play Championship Golf*, which is the text on the subject at Arizona State University. A friend of his saw the book in a New York airport selling for $5.65 next to books by Sam Snead, Arnold Palmer and Cary Middlecoff.

continued

going for "about $2.75." He says his friends tell him it's the best book they ever read on golf.

He thinks up ways to give more trophies and prizes, recently he gave a third-place trophy in a three-team tournament. "Those boys had to come all the way from Florida. They oughta get something." He gives plaques to sympathetic fathers and patrons and friends of his program, to accommodating country clubs and TV stations and to rival coaches and sportswriters. He names tournaments after people. He is always honoring somebody.

"All my life," says Dave Williams, "since I was 17 years old, I've lived with the feeling that this year would be my last. So I try to get things done." On weekends he teaches a Sunday school group, and he is a faculty adviser to a young people's group called The Spirits. For awhile after he left the university's engineering department to go into athletics full time, he recruited for the Houston football team. "I helped recruit the freshman team that beat Bear Bryant's freshmen at Texas A&M 20–6 in 1956. Bear's team made three first downs." But Williams had to give up recruiting to administer the Cougar Club.

Marveling at all this as she tries to keep up is his secretary, Mrs. Doris Kuhne. She is a retired schoolteacher with blue-gray hair and a charitable disposition, and she thinks there is nobody like Coach Williams. She tells him he missed his calling. "You should have been a salesman. You would have been the greatest salesman of all time."

"Ah, Mizz Kuhne, you're a wonderful lady," says Dave Williams.

Alas, Coach Dave Williams found that the road from Randolph, Texas to Sweet Success is sprinkled with sour grapes. Not all the gentlemen who play the gentleman's game are cursing the rough and beating their putters against a tree. Some of them are coaching college golf, and they have created an amazing fiction about Dave Williams.

He passes out scholarships like they were handbills (15 to 30 a year). He has a $70,000 budget. His players do not have to be smart because they do not have to be students, they take courses in club-wrapping and a little agriculture to learn about grasses and the only courses they pass are golf courses. Williams is a politician. He is a two-faced four-flushing rule-breaking smooth-talking politician who can quote Holy Scripture but can't break 80. This last is the thing that really zings them. That he is not a good golfer. He does not have a picture swing.

Dave Williams closed a scrapbook he had been showing and slumped back in his chair. "I think there are only four or five that say these things," he said, "and I can understand it because they want to win and they've been close, a few of them, and if they're competitors I guess it's natural to say something. Nobody likes to admit he's flat getting beat.

"I never want to hurt anybody. I want to help college golf, that's all, but I remember when I got started and Fred Cobb, who's dead now, was at North Texas State and he'd won four NCAA championships and the other coaches were running him down. They're saying he's a sorry this and a sorry that. I thought, boy, that's all right, he's what I want to be. I idolized Fred Cobb. I didn't realize what they were talking about until I started winning myself. If you lose you're a dog, if you win too much you're a hog. I can tell you we made some friends in 1961 and 1963 when we didn't win the national championship.

"We've been accused of everything, really. They said we had excess money. They didn't know we were riding to tournaments seven in a car, in that old blue station wagon that was around here for years. We called it the *Blue Goose*. The speedometer had gone around twice. We had a mattress in the back to sleep on and play cards, and I remember in 1953 when we went to Colorado Springs for the nationals we broke down five times before we got out of Texas. Once we slept seven in a room in Athens, Ga., and one old boy snored so loud he kept half the guys awake and we finished sixth. We ate on $3 a day per boy. Mostly hamburgers. Football players would bring the boys apples from the training table. Jim Hiskey and Rex Baxter complained how tight I was. They thought I was using psychology. Trying to make them hungry.

A freshman prospect for the Houston team, Terry Justice, gets some fundamental advice from Coach Williams concerning his grip.

"The NCAA finally investigated us in 1957. It was really funny when they saw our budget. Jack Rule had come down here from Waterloo, Iowa to play for us. Jack had been the national Jaycee junior champion. He's on the tour now. We've got 23 on the tour. We gave Jack Rule tuition, books and room, about one-third scholarship, and when I was at the NCAA that year someone said, 'Boy, that Jack Rule is hot.' What do you mean, hot? 'He's gettin' a lotta money.' I said I didn't know anything about it. Turned out somebody accused us of giving him a new car. I'm not kidding you. A new car for *golf*? Boy. This investigator from the NCAA asked Jack if he had a car and Jack said yessir, a new Oldsmobile, and the man said, 'Uh, what kind of car did you drive last year?' Jack says, 'A Cadillac.' The NCAA guy liked to flip. Well, it was a joke, really. His dad gave him both cars.

"Everybody thinks we've got all this money to throw away. Listen, I couldn't even go to the NCAA tournament in 1952 because we had to scrounge a ride from one of the parents and there wasn't room for me. Often I didn't travel with the team. We used to send a football coach who could tie it in with something else. I'll show you how things get exaggerated. In 1960 we didn't have a way to get to the Border Olympics. The old *Blue Goose* was gone, and I didn't know until 11 o'clock the night before if we would make it. Finally I called one more guy and I said I hate to call you but we're sweating. We can't go unless we get a car, and here we are the defending champions—hell, the national champions. He gave me a name of an auto dealer that was a friend of his, Bill McDavid, and I called him and he said, 'Look, I've got this big Cadillac out here you can use for the weekend,' and when we rode into Laredo in that big old Cadillac with the jump seats and everything you could see the eyebrows going up. We had money, see.

"When we started winning, even the people in Houston thought we were paying the players. We'd been down among the Roys—the rest-of-yous—so long they figured it was the only way possible." Williams said nobody would believe it but he had never made a recruiting trip in his life for golf, he had never flown a boy in for a campus visit. He never went to a junior tournament that was not right there in Houston. He said he had a pretty big phone bill, calling boys, but nine times out of 10 when a boy arrived he had never seen him hit a golf ball. "A good thing, too, because I wouldn't have picked some of them. That's how much I know."

But the thing that really depresses him, Williams says, is whenever he proposes something for college golf the coaches figure he has an ulterior motive. "I wanted the coaches to start an All-America team in 1957. Every other sport has one. They said no, because it would be mostly Houston players. I told Sam Voinoff of Purdue, 'O.K., your Joe Campbell is on the Walker Cup team but he will never be an All-America.' The next year they voted the All-America team in, using the same selection plan I had proposed. They did not say a word to me, but that is all right as long as they did it.

"Why, players even have told me their coaches didn't want them to play in our All-America tournament because it would just be helping Houston. What about the boys? Ninety-nine percent of them will never play in a better tournament. Labron Harris [Oklahoma State golf coach] wrote me he was going to tell the NCAA they could learn something from our tournament. It's been televised the last three years. Next year we might get national TV. I'm working on that right now."

The All-America tournament owes its eminence to a fiscal crisis that the Houston athletic department experienced in 1959. It is a fable that Houston millionaires beat down the university doors trying to lay in the next endowment, and in 1959 the spring sports program was to be sacrificed for the general welfare. Golf is a spring sport. Dave Williams went into action.

"They agreed to try to hang on, but I knew I wasn't going to have any budget at all. None. So I said I'd try to raise money through our tournament. We had started it in 1955 because all we were playing was a lot of little dual matches that didn't mean a thing—if you win, what have you won? If you lose, you've lost. We had to have a tournament that meant something. Dave Marr, Tommy Tyson, Monte Bradley had turned pro on me because college golf wasn't big enough. So we got our tournament going pretty good, but we never charged admission. Well, we found out a funny thing: if you charge admission you get 7,000 people; free you get five mothers and daddies.

"We started selling buttons, three admission buttons and the brochure for $10. That made you a sponsor and entitled you to go to the banquet. We got this big trophy, The Spirit Award, to give the students. They cheer missed putts and shanked two-irons, they cheer everything, and some of them drive the boys to the tournament in golf carts. Last year one fraternity hired a helicopter. The tournament queen gets a Cougar sports car to drive for the remainder of the year. The 16 teams get golf shirts with their team name on the front. The first year we sold 334 sponsorships. Then 900, 1,100, 1,500. Last year 1,800, this year more than 2,000. That's $20,000. Someday we might sell $50,000 worth. It's the biggest thing in college golf."

The facts of Williams' program are these: his budget is $16,000 this year, the highest ever, but it is paid for entirely by the golf tournament, which grossed $20,000. The profit goes back into the athletic program, which means golf actually *contributed* to the school's football budget last year. No other golf program in America can make that statement. The golf team now flies to major tournaments, or rides in its new station wagon, the *Green Hornet*, and it eats on $4.50 per day per boy. Williams started with two scholarships a year; he now has a maximum of eight. Currently he is using six and two-thirds, cut into pieces so that 15 boys on a squad of about 30 get some kind of help. No

continued

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one since Jacky Cupit in 1960 has received a full four-year scholarship. Usually it is one year, with renewals, but the scholarships are juggled around a bit.

"Babe Hiskey had a good scholarship but didn't do anything for two years. His junior year I said, 'Babe, I just can't help you this much next year. I'll get you a job over at the cafeteria scrubbin' those pots and pans.' Before long Babe started playing real good golf."

Ninety percent of Williams' players graduate, some. Wright Garrett, Kermit Zarley, Marty Fleckman, Joel Goldstrand – with honors. It is true that Phil Rodgers did not. Mrs. Williams, who has been known to walk 18 holes with Dave's more sensitive players to give them moral support, used to go over to the coach's office at night and sit Phil down and read history into his right ear as fast as it was going out the left. Phil heard different voices. He was off on the tour after one year of varsity competition. Last year he made $75,000.

As for his own game, Dave Williams concedes that his score has not helped his team win a championship yet, and is not likely to. He has not played in a couple of years. So how does an 80 shooter get to be such a successful golf coach? "By having 10 boys who can shoot a 70," says a rival coach. "By teaching you how to win, not how to play," says Zarley. "There's a difference."

Dave Williams believes he can help a boy as well as anybody. "I believe, I *know* I could have been successful in any sport. Football, basketball . . . I don't have a reputation as a golfer, and that's a problem. I wouldn't have if I were coaching football or basketball, because I played them all my life. This hurts me. But I've made up my mind to know more about golf than anybody. I've taken pictures of 39 of the best pros. I'm taking more. A lot of it is semantics. I tell a boy, 'Get your hands going toward the hole.' Somebody else says, 'Get the hands forward,' or, 'Follow through,' or, 'Kick off more with the right foot.' It's all the same. Listen, there's a million swings, but if a boy hits it good, you don't change him. You don't meddle. You got to take a boy where he is and add to it. Not try to teach him the Hogan Way, the Snead Way or the Nelson Way.

"I believe that coaching a team sport is 50% recruiting, 30% motivation, 15% luck—boy, we've had lots of that—and 5% mechanics. Listen, put this down. For a team to do well in any sport, it's got to be *their* team. It's got to be their project. If it's their team, they're going to try harder. A coach can mess it up.

"One of our boys was having trouble in sand traps. Hal Underwood and Mike Mitchell spent two and a half hours with him, just stayed right there in the trap, and the next day the boy was one of the only two players who shot par. The main thing is to achieve team spirit. Kermit used to say when he was hitting the ball had and wanted to give up he would realize the team was depending on him. He *couldn't* give up. And Jimmy Hiskey. Jimmy was so cheap that if you ordered him a steak he would wish it was a hamburger. We called him 'Tightwaddy.' But he ruined a four-wood on some rocks to help the team win one day. 'I'm going to shatter this club,' he said, 'but I'm going to get it on the green,' and he did.

"I remember Jimmy played 18 holes in the nationals in 1958, then walked 18 with Bob Pratt, then nine more with Richard Dickson. Later on Pratt had a four-foot putt on the 18th hole. 'We don't need this to win, do we coach?' he asked. I told him we had it sewed up. So he missed by a foot, then putted back in. The stroke tied him with Frank Wharton for the fourth spot on our team, which meant Frank's name would go into the record book, too.

"Another thing that happens is the boys start disciplining themselves and working hard. We play harder and we practice harder than anybody. We might play a course seven, eight times before a tournament. We're out there at 6.30 in the morning, then we nap and play again. We talk about it at night. We compare notes. People watch us. I got one coach who copies every move I make in a tournament. Every move. What I do he does. He's going to have a great team. I'm scared of him.

"I get shook up at a tournament. The NCAA is the worst ordeal a man can go through. I play 36 holes just walking

continued

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around the room the night before. Boy, you talk about psychology. There's so much psychology in golf people wouldn't believe it. At Colorado Springs in 1957 after the first day we were in 14th place. The kids were too cocky. I didn't know what to do. I was sick. I wouldn't go back to the motel. I told them to just go ahead and I went out and sat on the course. Just me. Pretty soon they all came out there to get me. Frank Wharton said, 'C'mon coach.' He was crying. 'I guarantee you we will win it tomorrow for you.' We sat out there until 8 o'clock. You see, they had not been serious enough. We won it the next day by one stroke. If I'd just jumped in the car afterward, like I was happy, no telling what we'da done."

But the place that Williams does his best coaching is in his own home. The Williams family lives in a small frame house two miles from the university. Giant ash and pine trees keep the front yard in perpetual purple shade. A large air conditioner, hammered into the wall next to the front door, drones through the summer. The china is not Spode and the carpet is not thick, but the hospitality is the best. Ginny Williams is a tall, handsome woman, and she serves a formidable crabmeat casserole. Their children, Joel, 20, and Peggy, 17, are bright, clean-cut and impeccably mannered. Joel forsook golf for basketball. He is in his second year at the university. And the team is part of the family. The boys gather and Ginny serves charcoal hamburgers as Dave plinks on his guitar and leads the charge in his pleasant, gravelly baritone: "Coooooool, cleeeeeer, wahturr," working his eyebrows and smiling and winking happily.

"We have these meetings," he says. "The boys call them prayer meetings. We sit around and we talk about how to live and the dreams I have for them and me. The boys catch on. I can get to them. I think when you worry about kids and are dedicated to them they know it. When I was teaching science in high school back in Mt. Pleasant I was always the one they brought the discipline problems to. It was the only wet town in East Texas. Roughest bunch of kids you ever saw. They had a dirty dozen,

continued

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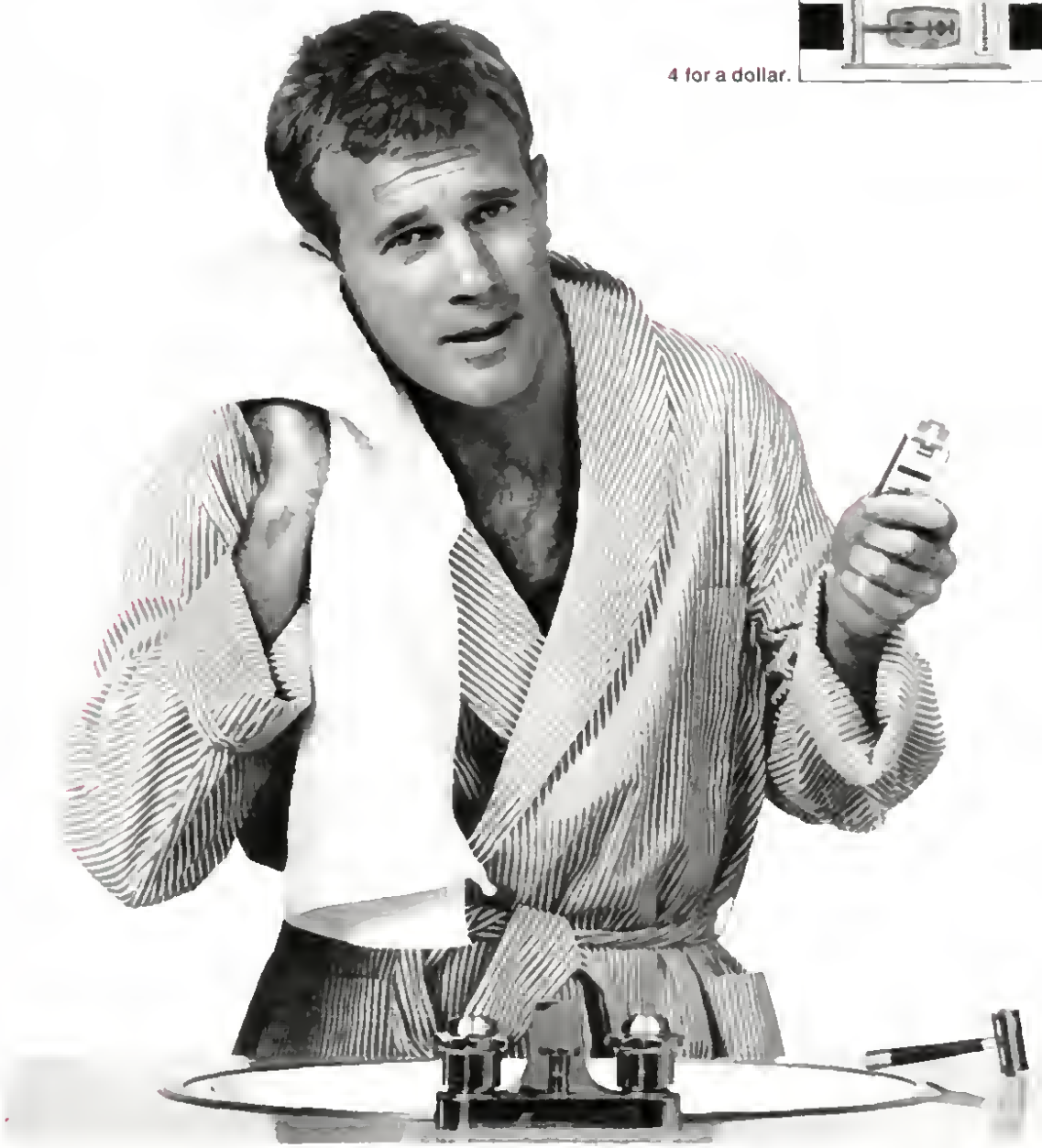

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the boys, and a filthy five, the girls. One time when they called me up they had the principal hanging by his heels out the window. I got their confidence because I gave them mine, and I wasn't much more than 20 years old myself.

"Our players have three requirements: be a good citizen, maintain high standards as a student and want to be the greatest golfer in the world. We talk about being a great kid morally. We got no choice. It's not because I'm a goody-goody. We're winning, and you can't have a guy running around doing things, because somebody is going to know about it. And when you're raising money for your program you're depending on people and they're not going to support kids that aren't the best.

"Our boys can play most any course in Houston, and they're welcomed. When we first started we could play one course, the Houston Country Club, on Mondays only. We had to pay everywhere else. I've had pros tell me, 'Dave, you've got the greatest kids that ever came in here.' My boys always call to make sure they can play. They don't hang around the clubhouse, they get in and get out. They let members play through. They spend 10 minutes raking a sand trap if it's needed. They always replace their divots. If they don't make a divot, I tell 'em to pick up some grass. Might be a member two holes over watching you and he might *think* you made a divot."

Dave Williams says that the seemingly unlimited supply of good golfers he gets to come to Houston is due to 1) good golf courses there, 2) year-round playing weather and 3) his ability as a "pretty good talker."

"Put it any way that you want, I've coached more national champions than anybody," he says. A lot of his prospects write—he gets letters from 100 serious applicants a year—or just walk in.

Other coaches do not like it, but their own players tell boys to go to Houston. Marion Hiskey was at North Texas State when he recommended that his brothers, Babe and Jimmy, try Houston. Jimmy Hiskey told Bob Pratt, "You're a great prospect, but you're not going to be a great golfer unless you come to Houston." And so it has gone, though Dave Williams now feels he does not get the very top boys anymore. They go to such places as LSU and Texas and Brigham Young and Florida. He has not been able to recruit a national junior champion in years. "But we win because we have a better program," he says.

Nine national championships. That's more than anybody. Nine national championships since Rex Baxter . . .

In the spring of 1953 Dave Williams received three letters from a young golfer in Amarillo named Rex Baxter. Baxter wanted to come to Houston. "I didn't want him. He hadn't won anything. But one of the boys I'd lost told me to watch out for this Baxter. At Colorado Springs in 1953 I overheard two coaches talking, Lahron Harris and the fellow from the University of New Mexico, John Dear. One of them was saying, 'Who's going to get Rex Baxter?' Baxter! That's the guy who's been writing me those letters. I could tell by the tone of their voices he's a stud, see. You get that inflection. That's how you know about a guy, the inflection.

"That summer I saw Rex play here qualifying for the USGA Junior Amateur, and I never saw anybody hit a ball better, never in my whole life. Straight, never left or right. Wham, like that. I ran to Mr. Fouke. I said, 'I got to have Rex Baxter.' He'd already sent his application to Oklahoma State and we had already used our three scholarships. I said, 'If he wins the national junior will you give him a scholarship?' 'The national junior? Well, yes, sure.' Fouke didn't think we'd ever get a national junior champion, which is why he said sure. Nobody from Texas ever won it, but old Rex went through those matches like they were child's play, and he came to Houston. That was the start.

"Rex thought everything he touched was best, and it rubbed off. He thought Amarillo had the best steaks, the best weather, the best girls. Before a match he'd tell our guys, 'These clowns can't play like we can. They're not much.' Boy, I'd look at 'em and they sure looked good to me. He'd say, 'We'll bring them to their knees.'

"At Ohio State in 1956 he came to the last hole needing a par to tie us for our first championship. He was 40 feet from the cup on his second shot, in the frog hair. He got out his putter and hit the ball. It looked like it was going to be four feet short. But it kept going. It musta been the spin off the grass. It plopped right in the cup for a birdie, and we'd won. A national championship for Houston. I'm telling you, everything broke loose. Richard Parvino jumped all over me. He put spike marks on Jim Hiskey's feet. John Brodie, the quarterback, was there. He just turned and walked away. 'Those lucky damn Texans,' he said. Jim Hiskey says to me, 'It couldn't be an accident. You were praying and I was praying and one of us must have got through.'

"That night we ate chicken-fried steak. No more hamburgers for us." END

Williams has a self-taught swing, and the good sense not to teach it to his players.

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

CHICAGO (5-2), getting fine pitching from Joe Horlen and Gary Peters as well as clutch hits from Gerry McNertney, Tommie Agee and Wayne Causey, moved back into first place. Horlen, who is unbeaten, stopped the Red Sox on two hits, and Peters shut out the Yankees, the seventh win for each. DETROIT (3-4) players engaged in four on-field brawls, which, like all such baseball fisticuffs, wound up as draws. Still, that was better than the Tigers did with their bats. Their home-run production dropped off sharply and could not compensate for their mediocre pitching. Denny McLain gave up his 16th home run in 13 games. Jim Fregosi of CALIFORNIA (6-2) beat the Tigers 6–4 with a three-run, ninth-inning homer. Jim McGlothlin (*below*) started the Angels on a five-game win streak by shutting out the Orioles. "Homers," said Curt Blefary of BALTIMORE (4-5), "are the root of all evil. You hit a couple and every time up you're looking to hit the ball out. First thing you know, you're in a slump." Blefary's disdain for the home run did not prevent him from hitting three in one game against the Angels. After Carl Yastrzemski of BOSTON (3-4) heard that White Sox Manager Eddie Stanky had said he was an All-Star "only from the neck down," he pounded out six hits in nine at bats during a doubleheader. Sam Mele had no sooner brought his family to MINNESOTA (4-4) for their annual month's vacation than he learned he had been fired as manager. He was replaced by Cal Ermer, manager of the Twins' farm club at Denver in the Pacific Coast League. Jim Kaat and Tony Oliva, long dormant, came to life in Ermer's second game. Kaat won for the first time since April 22, Oliva homered for the first time since April 23. Fred Whitfield and Max Alvis of CLEVELAND (4-5) both hit two-run, game-winning homers. Sam McDowell gave up 10 hits and eight runs in five innings during two starts, and there was concern that he had lost his fast ball. "I'm concentrating on other things now," said McDowell, not explaining what the "other things" were. Chuck Dobson and Jim Hunter of KANSAS CITY (4-5) pitched back-to-back shutouts against the Indians, and newcomer Dave Duncan homered in his first big-league at bat. Frank Howard hit four homers, but WASHINGTON (3-6) managed to sink into last place. When Joe Verbanic of NEW YORK (5-4) beat the Senators 6–0 it was the eighth shutout of the year for the Yankees, most for any team in either league and one more than the Yanks had all last season.

Standings: Chi 31-20, Det 31-22, Balt 27-24, Bos 27-26, Minn 27-27, Cleve 27-27, NY 25-28, KC 26-30, Cal 25-32, Wash 23-32

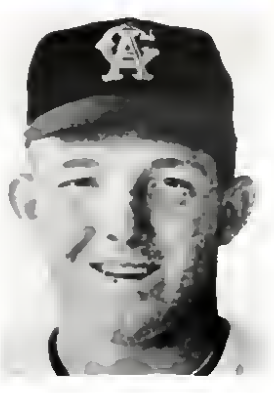
NATIONAL LEAGUE

Pete Rose of CINCINNATI (4-4) had 12 RBIs last week and the Reds, whose pitching was faltering, needed every one of them. Jim Maloney, plagued by shoulder trouble, failed to finish for the ninth time in 10 starts. Rookie Gary Nolan pitched spectacularly, yet failed to win. He struck out 15 SAN FRANCISCO (3-3) batters in 7⅔ innings (Willie Mays four times), only to be driven from the game by Willie McCovey's three-run homer. In the clubhouse, Nolan spoke about McCovey's home run and said, "I cried." Juan Marichal said of Nolan's performance, "Unbelievable. Fifteen strikeouts using a fast ball and nothing else." McCovey hit two other homers last week, each leading to a victory. What's more, he became the first Giant to steal a base this season. The Giants' slothfulness on the bases gives them a good chance to break the major league record for fewest stolen bases in a season (13 by the Senators in 1957). ST. LOUIS (5-3) and PITTSBURGH (3-4) wavered. The Cardinals lost three in a row to the Astros, one by a score of 17–1, but then won five straight as they got game-winning hits from Roger Maris and Mike Shannon. After losing a doubleheader to the Mets, the Pirate players had a clubhouse meeting, with Manager Harry Walker and coaches not invited. Explaining the reason for the session, Roberto Clemente said, "Ball club's dead." Apparently reincarnated, the Pirates beat the Mets 3–0 and whipped the Phillies 16–1 and 4–3. ATLANTA (5-2) Manager Billy Hitchcock fined several players for violating the club curfew, and the Braves broke loose, hit 10 homers in seven games and won five times. Two of the wins went to Denny Lemaster, now 7-1. CHICAGO (5-2) clung to fifth place thanks to 18 homers (six by Adolfo Phillips, four by Randy Hundley), plus two wins by Ferguson Jenkins, who brought his record to 8-3. LOS ANGELES (1-7), as usual, had trouble scoring. When the Dodgers did manage seven runs against the Cardinals, the once-impervious bullpen squandered the opportunity and for the fourth time last week blew the game. It all added up to seven straight losses, the longest Dodger losing streak since 1964. Mike Cuellar of HOUSTON (4-4) beat both the Reds and Cardinals as the Astros, with Bob Aspromonte hitting .455, defeated the league's top two teams four times. After playing good, tight ball early in the week, NEW YORK (2-4) became unraveled and lost to the Cubs 18–10. Conversely, PHILADELPHIA (4-3) gave up 50 runs in six games (the Phillies won two of them with late rallies), then wound up with a 14–1 victory over the Pirates.

Standings: Cin 38-21, StL 32-20, SF 31-23, Pitt 28-23, Chi 28-24, Atl 27-27, Phil 25-27, LA 21-34, Hou 21-35, NY 17-34

HIGHLIGHT

Jim McGlothlin of the California Angels has a pleasant face—a Huckleberry Finn face full of freckles and forever creased with a soft smile. That's part of his trouble. People take one look at that youthful, mirthful countenance and they figure, nice kid, can't pitch. When he was 18, McGlothlin went to a Dodger tryout camp and struck out 12 batters in a row. Did the Dodgers offer him $200,000, a solid-gold Cadillac, the keys to Chavez Ravine? They did not. "It was the old show-biz story," McGlothlin recalls. "Don't call us, we'll call you." The Dodgers never called. But the Angels did, and now, at 23, Jim has some of the most dazzling pitching statistics this side of Cooperstown: a 6-1 record, a league-low ERA of 1.07, only one earned run given up in the last 49⅔ innings. His maturation as a pitcher has been dramatically swift, especially in light of a four-year minor league record of 41-37 and a 3-4 mark as a part-time Angel the past two seasons. Against the Orioles last week, he had a 2–0 lead in the ninth inning with one man on and Frank Robinson, Boog Powell and Brooks Robinson coming up. He struck out all three. The shutout was McGlothlin's third straight and fourth of the year, and it gave him a total of 33 scoreless innings in a row, a team record. Angel fans are clamoring for Orioles Manager Hank Bauer to use McGlothlin in the July 11 All-Star Game in Anaheim. "He's got a chance," Bauer says. "You can't pitch any better than he has." Although born in Hollywood, Jim has remained immune to all the glitter. "Mac never puts on airs," says Angel Pitching Coach Bob Lemon. "He isn't temperamental. He's the easiest pitcher to get along with that I've ever known."



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

SASKETBALL The U S S R won the World Amateur Championship by defeating Yugoslavia 71–59 as the U S lost to Brazil 80–70, to finish fourth on the last day of the tournament in Montevideo, Uruguay

SOATING The new twin rudder 12 meter yacht INTREPID with Bus Mosbacher at the wheel, gained her seventh victory out of eight races in the week long preliminary America's Cup trials on New York's Long Island Sound by a 6:34 margin, her best of the series over American Eagle

BOXING—Former world heavyweight champion FLOYD PATTERSON, 15, of New York, recovered from two second-round knockdowns and fought to a 10-round draw with California's 22-year-old JERRY QUARRY in Los Angeles

GOLF JULIUS BOROS, 47, of Mid Pines, N C, became the first to take three tournaments on the PGA tour this year when he shot a 72-hole total of 283 to win the $100,000 Brick Open in Grand Blanc, Mich by three strokes over runners-up Bert Yancey, R H Sikes and Bob Qualbs

MICKEY WRIGHT of Dallas equaled her LPGA record with a 62 on the second round of the Bluegrass Invitational in Louisville and went on to win the 54-hole tournament with a 208 total, seven strokes lower than runner-up Kathy Whitworth

NARNESS RACING ADIOS VIC (1:58.8) ended Romeo Hanover's 21-race winning streak when he took the $50,000 Grand Time Pace at Yonkers Raceway by a nose over the New Zealand bred runner-up, Orhiter N Rother finished ¾ length farther back in third

NOCKEY The National Hockey League held its expansion draft in Montreal to stock the six new teams that are to join the league next season and after a day-long meeting 120 players were chosen from the old teams for the new roster 221

HORSE RACING With Jacinto Vasquez up, Mrs J K Thomas FURI SAN ($1,401) winner of the Acorn two weeks earlier gained her second victory in New York's Triple Crown for 3-year-old fillies when she beat Quillo Queen by three lengths in the $97,800 Mother Goose Stakes at Aqueduct

Noel Murless Stable's favorite ROYAL PALACE with Aussie George Moore up won his second classic race of the season and earned $171,370 for Owner H J Joel when he scored a 2½-length victory over Ribocco in the 1½-mile $246,512 English Derby at Epsom Downs, England

Countess Margit Batthyany's 100-to-7 shot PIA, with Eddie Hide aboard, defeated Solly Joel's St Paul Girl by ¾ length to take Epsom's 1½-mile $111,468 Oaks for 3-year old fillies

LACROSSE An underdog NORTH team composed mostly of players from small colleges upset the South 7–5 in the 56th annual All-Star game at the University of Massachusetts Goalie Don Richardson of Adelphi voted the most valuable player of the game, made 19 saves and Rick Feiser of Cortland State, the nation's leading scorer, contributed three second-half goals plus an assist

MOTOR SPORTS—DAN GURNEY and A J FOYT gave Ford its second straight victory in the Le Mans 24 hour endurance race *(page 14)*

SOCCER USA In the second full week of play for the United Soccer Association CLEVELAND defeated San Francisco 4–1 Earlier Cleveland had played a scoreless tie with LOS ANGELES which also won a game, 2–1 over TORONTO WASHINGTON beat New York 3–0 and tied Detroit 2–2, while NEW YORK dropped two and DETROIT won one, tied one After losing to Vancouver 4–1 earlier in the week, Dallas defeated by HOUSTON 2–0 before 1 Houston crowd of 50,375 the largest of the week SAN FRANCISCO split two, VANCOUVER won two

NPSL BALTIMORE (67 points) won two straight 2–1 over Atlanta and 3–2 over Toronto and gained 17 points to leap from fourth place into the Eastern Division lead ATLANTA (62), with one loss slipped from the lead into second, while PITTSBURGH (61) dropped to third after losing two games PHILADELPHIA (56) played a scoreless tie with St Louis and NEW YORK (34), in the cellar, had no games scheduled In the Western Division California changed its name to OAKLAND (77) and took over the lead as the Clippers beat Pittsburgh 3–1 and Chicago 2–1 ST LOUIS (6[illegible]) [illegible] tied the [illegible] played a game and dropped to [illegible] nd, 10 points behind LOS ANGELES (63) beat Pittsburgh 5–0 while CHICAGO (49) dropped two games and fell into a share of last place with TORONTO (49) which won its third consecutive game, 4–1 over Chicago, before losing to Baltimore

TENNIS—Ken Rosewall, trying for his third professional victory in a row, lost to Rod Laver 6–4 6–4 in the all Australian singles final of Madison Square Garden's $25,000 International Tournament *(page 56)*

The U S gained its second consecutive women's world team championship the Federation Cup—when BILLIE JEAN KING of Long Beach, Calif defeated Ann Jones 6–3 6–4 and ROSEMARY CASALS of San Francisco beat Virginia Wade 9–7, 8–6 in the finals between the U S and Great Britain in Berlin.

TRACK & FIELD Defending Champion BILL TOOMEY of the Southern California Striders tallied 7,880 points to win the AAU decathlon championship in Los Angeles *(page 24)*

Two world records were set at the San Diego invitational meet as the USC sprint relay team (Earl McCullouch, Fred Kuller O J Simpson, Lennox Miller) broke the 440-yard relay mark by .6 second with a time of 39 seconds flat, and Southern Cal's BOB SEAGREN regained the record in the pole vault with a 17-foot 7 inch leap ¾ inch higher than John Pennel's 1966 mark In the mile run, MARTIN LIQUORI a 17-year-old high school student from Caldwell N J ran a 4:00.1 to defeat Tim Danielson of Brigham Young and Villanova's Dare Patrick, who was sick with the flu and finished third Australia's RON CLARKE also had the flu but he tied the world's third-fastest time in the two mile run with an 8:25.2 clocking

JIM RYUN of Kansas scored his second double in two years at the USTFF championships in Albuquerque with easy victories in both the 880 yard 1:47.5) and mile (4:09.1) runs In spite of Ryun's efforts the Jayhawks with 69 points, placed second in the team standings to New Mexico's 85

With the temperature 95°, Minnesota's RON DAWS of the Twin Cities Track Club won the 26-mile 385-yard National AAU Marathon in Holyoke Mass in 2:40:07.4 beating runner-up Jim McDonagh of the Millrose AA by three and a half minutes

WEIGHT LIFTING—The YORK (Pa) BARBELL CLUB easily gained the overall team title—40 points to runner-up Norton (Calif) Air Force Base's 18—at the AAU championships in Columbus, Ohio BOB BEDNARSKI of York, at 237½ pounds the bulkiest heavyweight competing won the event with a total of 1,175 points to tie the meet record set in 1956 and was named Outstanding Lifter Other individual winners were PHIL GRIPPALDI of Chicago, middle heavyweight (1,035 points, meet record), Defending Champion JOE PULEO of Detroit light heavyweight RUSS KNIPP of Chicago middleweight (955 points, meet record), ROMER LEE BRANNUM of Norton AFB, lightweight (815 points, meet record) Defending Champion WALTER MALARA of Baton Rouge featherweight and GARY HANSON of New York City bantamweight

MILEPOSTS NAMED As head football coach at Villanova University JACK GREGORY, 39, an assistant coach at Navy and head coach at East Stroudsburg (Pa) State College from 1959–65

UPHELD By the U S Supreme Court, the $460,000 libel judgment won by former University of Georgia Athletic Director WALLY BUTTS against the Curtis Publishing Co for the March 23, 1963 *Saturday Evening Post* article that accused Butts of giving away the Bulldogs football plays

FIRED As manager of the Minnesota Twins SAM MELE, 45, who led the team to one pennant (1965), two seconds, a third and a sixth in his five full seasons with the club He was replaced by CALVIN ERR, 43, manager of the Twins' Triple-A Denver farm club since 1965

DIED Hydroplane Driver BILL BROW, 41, of Seattle from injuries received when his boat *Miss Budweiser* flipped flew apart and sank halfway through the first lap of the Tahuya Suncoast Cup Regatta—the first unlimited race of the 1967 season Brow's death was the fifth hydroplane fatality in the past 51 weeks

DIED EDWARD J JEREMIAH, 61, Dartmouth College hockey coach since 1937 (305-243-12 record) and 1966–67 Hockey Coach of the Year, in Hanover, N H

CREDITS

4—Terry Tr[illegible] 22 [illegible] by Marc Smont 24 26—Sport[illegible] 33 [illegible] 34 W[illegible] 44—AP [illegible] NYRA 56 H[illegible] [illegible] 64 74 [illegible] 77 AP 78 [illegible] [illegible] N[illegible] [illegible]

FACES IN THE CROWD

URS BUEHLER, 22, of Switzerland won the Top Male Pilot Award at the National Intercollegiate Flying Association meet in Carbondale, Ill with a first place in Power Off Precision Landings, as his team, the Flying Billikens of St Louis U., took team honors.

KIM OETJEN, a determined 13-year-old from Miami, set out to break the Palmetto Junior High sit-up mark of 400 and in 1½ hours quit at 1,448 because she "started to feel foolish." That afternoon Kim, who also is a competitive swimmer, churned 5,000 yards for practice.

LARRY HIGHBAUGH, an Indianapolis Washington High School senior who played on the state basketball championship team in 1965 and was city football high scorer in 1966, broke the 220-yard record (20.5) at the Indiana state track meet in Indianapolis.

MICHAEL PICKENS, a 19-year-old rider for the San Diego Bicycle Club, gained an upset victory in the annual Riverside (California) 100-mile race when he beat Mexico's No. 1 cyclist, Heriberto Diaz of the top-seeded Condor Club, by six yards in the record time of 4:14:26.

RICH SHIBLEY, 21, a Cal State (L A.) second baseman who batted .355 this year, broke the NCAA season record of 45 stolen bases when he stole five in one game, four in two others and gained his 47th (in 54 attempts and 44 games) during the last game of the season.

JOHN BOHMANN, a Texas Lutheran sophomore from Seguin, Texas, who in three years sank four holes in one at the same hole on his home town course, won the Big State Conference meet in San Antonio, beating Jerry Woods of Texas Wesleyan by six strokes.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BURNING BRIGHT

Sirs

Thanks kindly for allowing me to collect on a bet. Intuition told me Al Kaline would grace your cover this season (*Those Big Tiger Muscles*, June 5).

The Tigers are indeed stalking a pennant this year, and with Mr. Kaline envisioning his first World Series game, how can we lose?

Since the Tigers have fallen flat after many promising sessions in Florida in recent years, articles such as William Leggett's have been slow in coming. I commend you on your recognition of the best all-round player on *any* team, and the best all-round team in *any* league.

Your bravery merits something. The ticket is on me. Oct. 5 at Tiger Stadium.

MICHAEL GRANT

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Sirs:

I enjoyed very much William Leggett's story on the Tigers and Mr. Kaline. With all the superstars like Robinson and Mantle in the league, Al always seems to be overshadowed. Kaline has been a very consistent player throughout the years, and just to see him is, I feel, worth the price of admission.

If Al continues to get support from the other players, and some good pitching, Detroit may just have that pennant flying in Tiger Stadium.

JIM ALLISDER

Milltown, N.J.

Sirs:

I think your article about the Detroit Tigers was great. They have everything you said—the muscles to win the pennant and the World Series. The only thing I was disappointed in was that you didn't have anything about Earl Wilson. You should, you know. He has an 8-5 record. So next time put a little Earl Wilson in it.

JOE NEZWEK

Grand Rapids, Mich.

GENTLEMAN JIM AND WILLIE

Sirs:

I would like to congratulate you on your fine track articles of the past weeks, especially the one on the California Relays at Modesto and Texas Southern University's James Hines (*Love and Hate and a Very Fast Hundred*, June 5). I am a sprinter, just graduated from high school, and have had the opportunity of meeting both Charlie Greene and Hines at the Kansas Relays. When I congratulated Greene on a victory, he said nothing and looked down his nose at me. But James Hines said, "Thank you," and before the finals on Saturday he allowed me to warm up with him.

I look for Hines to lead the U.S. team in Mexico City. Anyone who has time to talk to a hero-worshiping high school athlete is a real champion.

BOB MCGAHEY

Shawnee Mission, Kans.

Sirs:

As a track buff I was pleased to see that Pete Axthelm's article on the Modesto relays included a mention of Willie Turner, the rising world-class sprinter who ran second to Tommie Smith in the 220 and equaled the world 100-meter record while losing a photo to Jimmy Hines.

The Modesto relays was Willie's debut into big-time track, but those who have been following him since his high school days here in Yakima, Wash. have felt all along he could run with the world's best.

As sports editor of the Yakima dailies, I have watched Willie develop since his days in Washington Junior High School. He ran the 100-yard dash in 10.2 as a ninth-grader. As a 16-year-old junior he peeled off 12 straight wins in the 100 and won the state dash in 9.7. He also won 12 straight 220s and took the state 220 in 21.4. That was a record, since it was the first time that event had been run on the curve.

As a senior Willie was undefeated again in the 100 and 220, stringing 12 more victories in the 100, including a 9.6 effort in the state finals, and 12 more winning 220s, including a new record 21.3 for the 220.

Turner's string of victories came to a halt in the Seattle Indoor Games on Feb. 5 when he lost to Harry Jerome in the prelims to the 60-yard dash. Jerome was clocked at 6.3, Willie at 6.4. In the finals Jerome won at 6.1, and Willie finished third at 6.3.

Willie has not lost in the 100 or 220 in six outings as a member of the Oregon State freshman squad this spring. He flew 220 in 20.7 at the Highline (Wash.) Relays for an OSU and Highline record. He also ran 9.5 in the 100 to equal the OSU varsity mark.

In summary, since his junior year in high school, Willie has been beaten only by world-record holders (Jerome, Hines and Smith).

PAUL GEORGE

Yakima, Wash.

WILLIE TURNER IN ACTION

TWO-FISTED APPROACH

Sirs:

Re James Lipscomb's article, *Getting the Elbow Is a Pain* (June 5), I experienced many of the same frustrations with tennis elbow, but I never quit playing. I tried the aspirin diet, cortisone shots, "magic" massages and heat treatments. I even switched to playing left-handed (and to playing much weaker opponents!), until that elbow started to hurt, too. Then came the final solution! I used *two hands*! After two and a half years my tennis elbow subsided. I'm now a permanent convert to the two-handed grip. But here's the best news of all: the guy who suggested and improved my two-handed game is very much alive. He's Stan Drobac, coach of Michigan State University's Big Ten tennis champions.

WALT LONG

East Lansing, Mich.

ART CRITICS (CONT.)

Sirs:

I spent all day thinking of Bob Crozier, S.J. and his "safari" to Indy. Congratulations to him and to SI for the beautiful article on what it is like to be thrilled with the "big" cars (*The Spirit of Indy*, May 29). It is true that a true fan identifies with the drivers and certainly wishes them no harm. I feel like an honorary Pitgree, having grown up across from the grandstand of State Fair Park, which is in West Allis, Wis., not in Milwaukee, as mentioned in the article. I don't mean to split hairs but it is family pride that prompts me to write this. My grandfather was very instrumental in selling the state the land for the track, etc., and he took great pride in the city of West Allis, as all the natives do. We were used to being hummed to sleep by the "midgets" on Thurs-

continued

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day evenings. And I [illegible] reserved [illegible] in the front-lawn chestnut tree for the "big" car 300s. We clanked through the years of the dirt track and remember the quiet summer it was converted to asphalt. The neighborhood favorite was the immortal No. 99.

A fine literary work. Thank you.

KATHLEEN READER

Delavan, Wis.

Sirs:

My sincerest congratulations to Father Crozier, Bob Stanley and Art Director Richard Gangel for putting together a true masterpiece on the Indianapolis 500. Its unusual and refreshing approach set it apart from the drab articles that sometimes darken your pages. I look forward to more articles that have a new and interesting approach.

HENRY LARRINGTON

South Kent, Conn.

AMERICA'S HERITAGE

Sirs:

Having reported the efforts of Humble Oil in the service of conservation (SCORECARD, June 5) you may be interested to know the current status of Sinclair's continuing efforts in this area.

We are publishing a series of advertisements this year to focus attention on the successful activities of private citizens and groups in the service of conservation and to encourage similar efforts. Through a folder offered in the advertisements we try to put interested people in touch with groups able to help them. The response to the ads has been outstanding.

Sinclair's program is part of an effort carried out over the last 12 years to make people aware of America's rich natural heritage and of the importance of preserving it.

BRUCE QUAYLE
Sinclair Oil Corporation

New York City

NOT ALL BAD

Sirs:

In your article on Moe Drabowsky (BASEBALL'S WEEK, June 5) much is said about some of his most infamous moments: he gave Stan Musial his 3,000th hit and was the losing pitcher in Early Wynn's 300th victory. In fact he compares closely with Tracy Stallard, who was around to give up Maris' 61st home run and was also the losing pitcher in Jim Bunning's perfect game. But unlike Stallard, Drabowsky stands out as having accomplished something else in his earlier days. It seems that Drabowsky was the only pitcher to get Willie Mays out on the Sunday he hit four home runs in County Stadium. I am not exactly sure if this accomplishment of Drabowsky's is good or bad, but it's something.

ROBERT MANNING

Mountville, Pa.

Red Socks for a Venezuelan Tiger

An inning of ball and an inning of revolution made a snappy game

by MARK MULVOY

Maybe a story about how they play ball in the Liga Venezolana de Beisbol Profesional, *i.e.*, the Venezuelan Professional Baseball League, doesn't qualify as history, particularly if it is talking about what happened only last winter. But thinking about it, now that Jim Lonborg and the rest of the guys (not to mention a few seared sportswriters) are all safely back in the States again and comfortably into another big-league season, what went on south of the border last winter seems as though it could have taken place in another century.

Listen to the letter Jim wrote from Maracay, which is about 50 miles from Caracas, last December and see if you don't agree.

I am now pitching for Los Tigres de Aragua [Jim wrote]. There are about 35 major-leaguers here, including Latin Americans such as Luis Aparicio (who is Venezuela's national hero), Luis Tiant and Cesar Tovar, as well as imports such as Bo Belinsky, George Scott and John Bateman. My Spanish is horrible, and none of the other American players can speak the language either, so the communications problem slows us down—especially on paydays. Each player receives a minimum of $1,000 a month, plus expenses—$250 a month if he is single and $350 a month if he has his family with him. But there always is some hassle with management on payday. Dick Egan, who pitches for Spokane now, refused to pitch one night because the club held up his expense money, and Bob Burda of the Giants quit the club three times in one hour because the club reneged on promises it made to him. When I get paid I immediately convert the money into U.S. currency and put it in the safe-deposit vault at our hotel.

The man with whom we deal all the time is Crespo Verona, the club's general manager, who breaks more appointments than you could imagine. He also speaks very poor English, so he brings in this guy we call Freddie the Freeloader to translate, and Freddie always confuses things even more.

We had three managers the first two weeks of the season. The first one, a native Venezuelan, wasn't around long enough for me to remember his name. We lost our first four games, and the crowd got on him, especially when he coached at third base. The fans threw beer bottles at him after one game, and when some of them came out on the field and punched him, he quit. Carlos Pascual replaced him temporarily, but now Cal Ermer of the Twins organization is managing. He's a class guy. He stands up for us in our negotiations with Verona, and he also has us winning.

There are six teams in the league, and three of them play their home games in the same stadium in Caracas. So none of our trips are too, too, long, not Boston-to-Anaheim long, anyway.

We travel to and from the various cities in taxis paid for by the club, but the way they drive down here I'd rather walk. We had one cab driver who lived on the horn and never gave anyone else a chance. He bumped pedestrians and bicycle riders off the road all the time, and when we complained he became very irritated. He reached into his pocket, pulled out a switchblade knife, pointed it at Dick Egan, who was riding up front, and said to him: "For you." The next time he went for the knife Mel Queen found a machete under the front seat and handed it to Egan, who drummed a tune on the dashboard with it the rest of the trip.

This driver got so excited one day that he drove right through a toll booth, which is something you should never do in Venezuela because armed guards are on duty at every booth. This day the guard had his machine gun ready to fire at us, but the driver jumped out of the cab, raised his hands and yelled: "*Lo siento mucho* [I'm very sorry]." After that the rest of us were able to get off the floor.

Some of the players who started the season with us have already returned to the States. Dick Dietz of the Giants left here after getting involved in a riot at the park in Maracay. Dietz, who was a leading hitter and best RBI man, couldn't catch one day because of an injury. We needed his bat in the lineup, so he was told to play left field. In the first inning he misjudged a fly ball and it cost us two runs, and when he ran in from the outfield the fans threw paper cups filled with ice at him. Later, in the top of the ninth, a ball hopped over his glove and two more runs scored. Dick really got showered with the hard stuff when he came back to the dugout that time, and he was so incensed that he tried to knock down some policemen and climb into the stands. Two days later he was on a plane heading for home.

Socially, things have been pretty slow, as you can imagine. When you take out a girl down here you also must take out her *duena*. The first date I had was with a girl named Chela; her mother, two sisters and a girl friend came along with us.

There is a good 18-hole golf course outside the front door of our hotel, and we always manage to get some local boys to caddie. They also make sure the iguanas, absolutely the ugliest creatures I've ever seen, don't get us. These iguanas are everywhere; one day Mel Queen saw one at the bottom of the swimming pool.

I'm glad you're coming down. I think you'll like Venezuela for a week—though certainly no more. See you soon, and be prepared for anything.

I thought I would be, but Caracas soon taught me better. On the day I arrived, the headlines read BANDAS DE TERRORISTAS and DECRETADA SUSPENSION DE GARANTIAS. Even without a Berlitz refresher it was easy to translate the stories: Communist terrorists had assassinated an army major and wounded an army general in sniper attacks, and Venezuela's President Raul Leoni had suspended many of his country's constitu-

continued

tional guarantees. "Let's get out of here now before the whole city blows up," said Larry Claflin, the baseball writer for the Boston *Record American*.

After Claflin left, I found my own way from the airport to Maracay on the *autopista*. I drove through downtown looking for the Hotel Maracay for almost half an hour before I stopped the car and tried to get directions. One man shook his head, another waved his arms, and another listened, looked and walked away. I finally met a man who spoke halting English, and he not only gave me the proper directions to the hotel but a casual warning. "Up the road," he said, "you see the National Guard. Go slow, or they shoot at your car. I already have five, six bullet holes in my car."

The long road away from the city was darkened by the overhanging branches of the trees that line the dirt sidewalks. There was a military officers' club on the left, and on the right was the National Guard headquarters. I braked the car almost to a halt as I crept past.

To the left, set well back from the highway at the base of a mountain, was the Hotel Maracay, a strikingly modern building with four MPs stationed on the roof and a dozen more, none of whom looked older than 17, standing around in the lobby. The sign at the reception desk said cheerfully, WELCOME TO MARACAY, in several languages.

I tried to reach Lonborg in his room but there was no answer, so I had him paged. "Señor Lonborg probably on the golf course," said one of the clerks. He was. "Hurry up," he said over the phone. "We'll wait for you on the first tee." I dressed and went out to the course, which is only a half-wedge shot from the hotel desk, and standing on the tee, clad only in bathing trunks, were Lonborg, Pitchers George Culver and Tom Kelley of the Indians, Outfielder Adrian Garrett of the Braves' farm system and Pitcher-outfielder Mel Queen of the Reds. "I see you made it alive," said Lonborg, grinning. "Yeah," I said, "but it'll take me six holes to calm down. How can you guys play golf under these conditions?" I pointed to the four MPs standing on the hotel roof. "Oh, hell," said Queen, "this is nothing compared to what happened in 1963. One night in Caracas more than 200 MPs surrounded the ball park to protect the players during the riots, but the terrorists still blew up an auto showroom right across the street from the ball park. I was playing center field that night, but when I heard the explosion I beat our third baseman to the third-base dugout. Actually, it's pretty quiet around here now."

Queen left to play bridge at the swimming pool with some of the other Americans staying at the Maracay, and the rest of us went out to play golf. When we finished our round we went over to kibitz the bridge game. Soon Lonborg replaced Queen at the table, and then Tom Kelley calmly announced that he had to leave. He was going back to jail.

Jail? Yes. One day when Kelley had been driving away from the hotel his car struck a woman pedestrian. It was ruled later that she had been intoxicated at the time of the accident, but Kelley was jailed because he would not sign a form that, in effect, would have made him liable for all of the woman's medical expenses. Kelley had to get up every morning at 5:30 with the other prisoners, but the police would parole him at 9 o'clock so that he could get a decent breakfast and then go pitch, if it was his turn to, or play golf. At the end of the day he would go back to jail. After he left Venezuela to go back to the States in January—the legal technicality was straightened out by then—Kelley said, "I was definitely scared. One American told me that some guys have been in jail there 15 or 20 years because of minor auto accidents like the one I had."

The next night there was a game in the stadium at Maracay, which Los Tigres won 2–1 as Dick Egan pitched a one-hitter to beat Luis Tiant and Caracas. There should have been elation in Los Tigres' clubhouse, but instead there was a brawl. Carlos Pascual, who was filling in for Ermer as manager, claimed that Bob Burda had insulted him on the field, and he went after Burda in the dressing room. Egan, coming to Burda's aid, hit Pascual on the jaw and Pascual grabbed a metal chair and tossed it at Egan. "Man alive," George Scott of the Red Sox said afterward. "I'm sort of tremblin', man. If that Egan ever ducked that chair'd hit me in the face. I'm gettin' out of here for good, man." Scott returned to the U.S. a week later. Eventually Pascual was led away, but now Paul Casanova, the strong-armed young catcher of the Senators, entered the fight. "Dick," he said to Egan, pointing a finger in the pitcher's face, "you shouldn't have done that." Egan admitted he was wrong, but suddenly the two of them were kicking and punching and swearing at each other. They fought steadily for 10 minutes, and when they were finally pried apart Ronnie Clark announced, "It's Egan 5–4–1 on a split decision."

"Great scene, wasn't it?" Lonborg asked as we pushed through the crowd of about a thousand that milled outside Los Tigres' clubhouse. Spotting the rotund form of Freddie the Freeloader, Lonborg called him aside and said sternly, "Listen, Freddie, you better keep your mouth shut about what happened in there tonight." Freddie stuttered a moment and answered, "Oh, you know me. I never say anything." "We do know you, that's the problem," said Lonborg.

The following Sunday Los Tigres were playing at Valencia. Maracay and Valencia enjoy the type of rivalry that once existed between the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Giants, and on this day more than 30 busloads of fans, as well as the Maracay Baja Marimba, accompanied Los Tigres to Valencia. A baja marimba consists of about a dozen gaily dressed musicians and dancers who do sort of a calypso throughout the game. Each team has its own baja marimba, and there is a kind of contest to determine which one can make the most noise during a game. When a Maracay player does something, his baja marimba strikes up the tune *Maracay, Maracay*, and all the Maracay supporters more or less thumb their noses at the rival fans. And when Pancho, the bat boy—really bat man—for Los Tigres, beats the umpire and the other club's bat man in the race to dust off home plate, the noise in the Maracay stands crescendoes to headache intensity.

Lonborg pitched against Valencia that day, but he gave up four unearned runs in the first and three more unearned runs in the seventh, and Cal Ermer, back on the job after his illness, removed him.

After the game there were bullfights back in Maracay. Little native boys shouted "*malo*" at Lonborg as he sat in the bull arena, and other people turned to stare at him throughout the fights. "Verona was on the radio, and he said something about my wanting to leave," Jim explained. "The people aren't too happy about it." The next day Lonborg tried again to meet with Verona, but the general manager evaded him. That night

we drove to Caracas, where Los Tigres were playing the next day, and later we stopped at the airport where Jim purchased a one-way ticket to New York. "I'll pitch one more game, but I'm leaving here next Sunday no matter what they say," Lonborg said.

In Caracas the next day there were more incidents involving the terrorists and the Venezuelan government, and that night at the ball park the American players were tense. "Ah, they're always shooting someone in Caracas," said Carlos Pascual. "It's something you get used to." Four white-helmeted MPs, armed with machine guns and pistols, were stationed in the dugouts, and two hours before the game about 75 more MPs were in position throughout the stands to secure the stadium against any possible terrorist movements. The Central University owns the 35,000-seat stadium, which this night held less than 2,500, but it cannot afford to turn on the ball-park lights until 15 minutes before game time, and the darkness did not alleviate the tension among the players. Lonborg looked everywhere for Verona, but again the general manager was not to be found. "Bobby Maduro, the coordinator of Latin-American baseball, called and told me that for my own good I should stay down here," said Lonborg. "He also said I'd have to pay a $1,000 fine if I leave."

Lonborg had his ticket to New York, and he planned to use it. "I'll just have to chase Verona down in Maracay tomorrow and get this all straightened out," he said as he left with the rest of the Maracay players. I was leaving for New York the next day, so I decided to stay downtown overnight rather than drive to a hotel out near the airport.

"Yeah, you'd be crazy to drive anywhere tonight," said Lonborg. "They're liable to shoot at anything."

I did not sleep much that night, and the next day I was on a flight back to New York. For a few days I wondered how Lonborg had made out, and when I could not reach him in Boston I thought, "They kept him down there after all."

Then one night there was a phone call from San Luis Obispo, Calif. It was Lonborg. "Yeah, I'm back," he said. "They let me go." He laughed. "It was all quite an experience. But, you know, I don't think I'll ever go back there again." END

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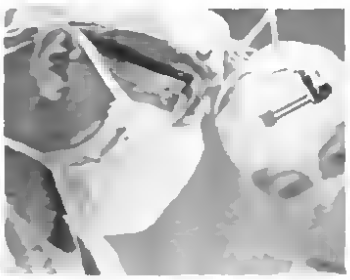

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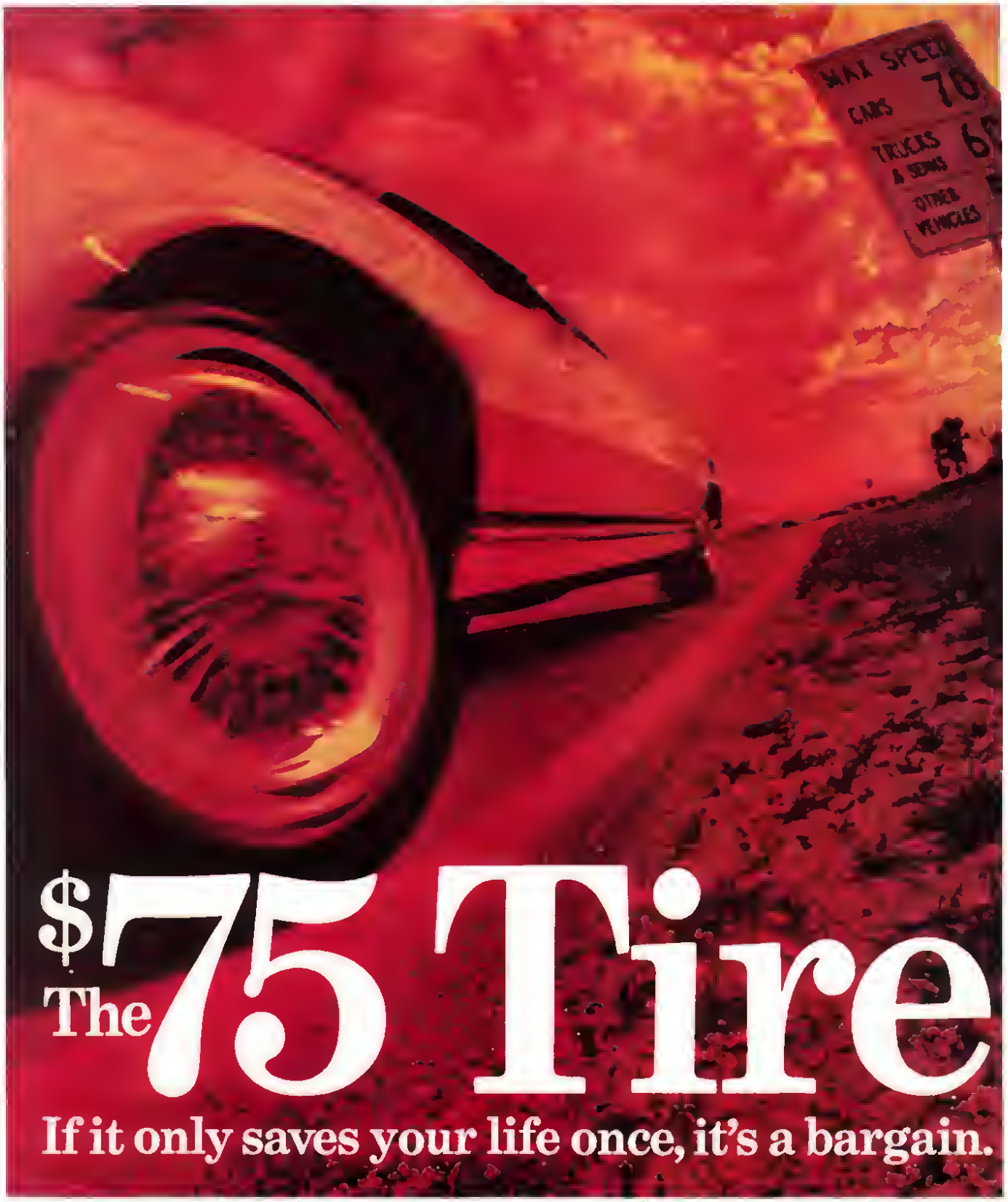

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